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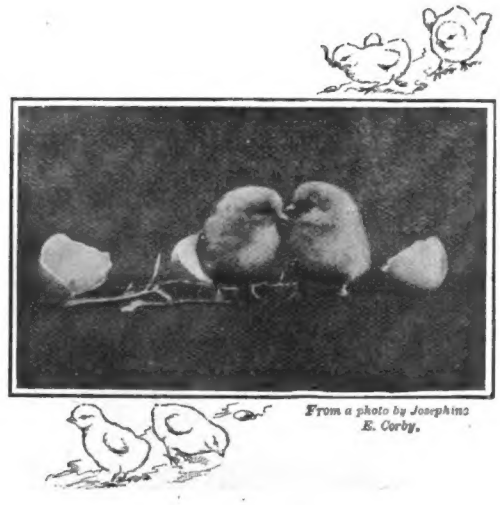

From a photo by Josephine E. Corby.

It is a ticklish thing, you know,
From out an egg to break your way;
We'll tell about it, if we may.
Of course, you simply have to go
And give the shell a nasty blow,
Then off you walk, serene and gay;
It is a ticklish thing, you know,
From out an egg to break your way.
Sometimes you hurt your beak, and oh,
The wicked things you want to say!
You meet mamma, and chirp "Good-day,
I have desired to meet you so."
It is a ticklish thing, you know,
From out an egg to break your way.

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By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133 New Bond Street, London, W.

LOVE IN MAY.

From the Painting by C. Wünnenberg.

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HUMAN ANIMALS

How the Stage Animal Makes Up, What he Suffers, and his Various Trials.

By F. E. Baily.

Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

Mr. Oscar Asche as he appeared when playing the part of Bottom, who was changed by the fairies into a donkey, in Shakespeare's comedy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

The part of a pantomime cat or monkey is usually considered by the general public much inferior to that of the principal boy or girl. In reality, animal parts are exceedingly difficult to play, and are most exhausting and arduous.

To sustain them creditably a man must be an actor in the keenest sense of the word. He must be observant, have the gift of imitating the cries of animals, and be something of an acrobat into the bargain.

The preparations which have to be gone through before the stage animal can take its place in front of the audience are very numerous and interesting.

Supposing the part of a monkey has been undertaken, the artist's first step is to discover whether he is required to appear as a monkey of the savage gorilla type, or as one of the milder ape species.

He then goes to the Zoo, picks out a monkey which he thinks suitable for his purpose, and proceeds to make sketches of its features, both full face and profile.

Next he models the animal's face on his own, by first drawing his own portrait and then sketching the monkey's face over it.

This enables him to discover where his own face must be built up in order to resemble that of his model.

This is a great help to him in designing his make-up, and renders the mask which he wears more comfortable, since it is based on his own features, and naturally fits better than if it were constructed haphazard.

A suitable skin then has to be made, and this is also designed in imitation of a real monkey, to insure its being quite natural.

Lastly, the artist practises using his feet like another pair of hands—no easy task.

However, Mr. Albert Felino, whose portrait, taken when made up as a donkey, appears in this article, through long practice in impersonating monkeys, can actually write a letter with his feet!

It is much more difficult to be a stage donkey than a stage monkey.

To begin with, the position is very trying to a human being, as the strain of remaining on hands and feet tells considerably on the muscles, and a "donkey" can never stand on his hind legs for a rest, whereas a "monkey" is usually in an upright position.

In addition to this, it is easier to imitate

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Mr. Albert Felino, a clever animal impersonator——

the movements of a monkey than those of a donkey. An idea of the appearance of the make-up can be gathered from our illustrations. The skin is made of a kind of worsted, such as is used in the manufacture of imitation fur mats.

One of the greatest drawbacks in impersonating a donkey is the weight of the "armour" which the unfortunate comedian has to wear.

The donkey-head alone weighs 20lb.! It fits the head of the artist in much the same way as a silk hat would, and great care is necessary to keep it properly balanced at the correct angle.

Some idea of the strain imposed by this head on the wearer may be obtained by going down on the hands and knees and then requesting someone to put weights or books on the back of the head. The leverage they exercise will be found to be much greater than one would suppose.

Having assumed the outward and visible signs of a donkey, the comedian's troubles are only begun.

There are inside the skin numerous strings and levers which he must work with his hands, at the same time keeping his balance, and walking about in a donkey-like manner.

He has altogether twelve strings which agitate respectively, when pulled, the eyes, eye-lids, ears, lips, lower jaw, and tail of the donkey.

These strings are held six in either hand, together with the two sticks which serve as the donkey's fore-legs.

All these complications must not cause the gait of the donkey to appear unnatural or erratic.

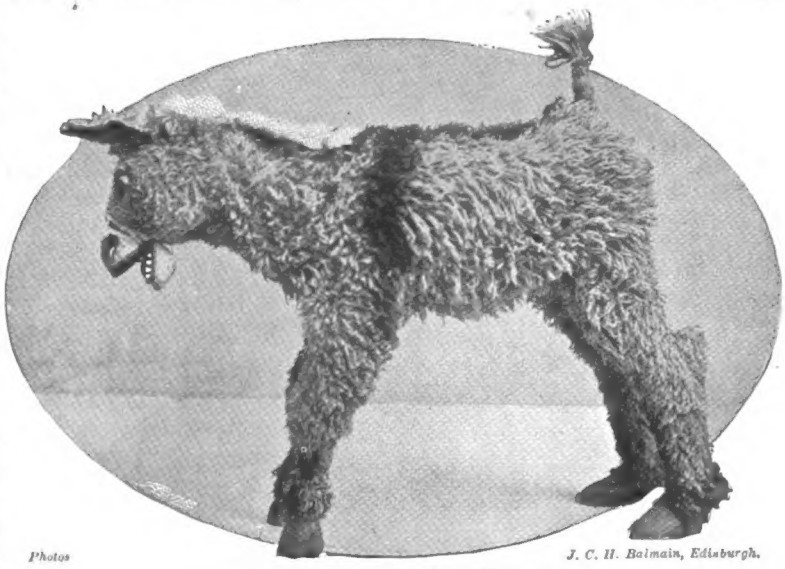
But the whole of the contrivances go to make such a life-like animal that it is not surprising for audiences frequently to suppose that a real donkey is on the stage.

In reality they only see a skin containing a suffering human being. And the suffering is real enough, even if the donkey isn't!

The man inside the donkey-skin is living in a temperature of 110 degrees, and he is frequently blinded by perspiration, which runs into his eyes, and which he cannot wipe away, because his hands and feet are already occupied with almost more than they can accomplish.

At the best of times he can only see about one square yard of the stage—that which lies immediately in front of the donkey's neck, which fits over his head, and in which there are two holes.

What he can see through these is almost all there is to guide his wandering footsteps. He can, however, calculate



Photos *J. C. H. Balmain, Edinburgh.*

——made up as a most natural and lifelike donkey.

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In *Two Naughty Boys*, at the Gaiety Theatre, Mr. D. A. Steele took the part of a gorilla. The two "good little girls" are Miss Coralie Blythe and Miss Alice Hatton.

his position to some extent by remembering the number of strides he has taken. Further, as all British stages have a downward slope towards the auditorium, in order to give perspective to the scenery, he can tell by the rise and fall of the ground whether he is going up or down or across the stage.

The angle of the floor and the number of strides he has taken are his chief guides as to latitude and longitude. Sprained ankles and wrists are common complaints with all those who go down to the stage in the skins of animals, but the performers' chief risks lie in the extremely unhealthy conditions under which their work is done.

Setting aside the risk of chill which arises on throwing off a skin made of thick worsted while in a heated condition, the breathing question is the most important. The state of the atmosphere inside a stage donkey can be imagined by crawling head-first into bed and remaining there for a quarter of an hour or so.

The cramped, unnatural position of the performer makes breathing what air there is extremely difficult, and rapidly brings out any consumptive tendencies he may have.

Before being a gorilla, Mr. Steele appeared as a raven. He was finally won from evil ways by the "good little girls."

The death of poor Charles Lauri, the king of animal impersonators, is a case in point. However, the modern artist has many advantages through improvements in costume and make-up which did not exist twenty years ago.

Many readers of THE ROYAL have no doubt witnessed and laughed over the performance of *Two Naughty Boys* at the Gaiety Theatre.

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An excellent example of the animal impersonator's art occurred in this piece. It was Mr. D. A. Steele's representation of Bogey, the wicked raven, who afterwards changes into an unprincipled gorilla, and is finally and permanently reformed by the two "good little girls."

Playing the part of a raven is a somewhat uncommon task, and since there are no rules laid down as to how it should be done, Mr. Steele haunted all the bird-shops he could find where there were ravens in stock.

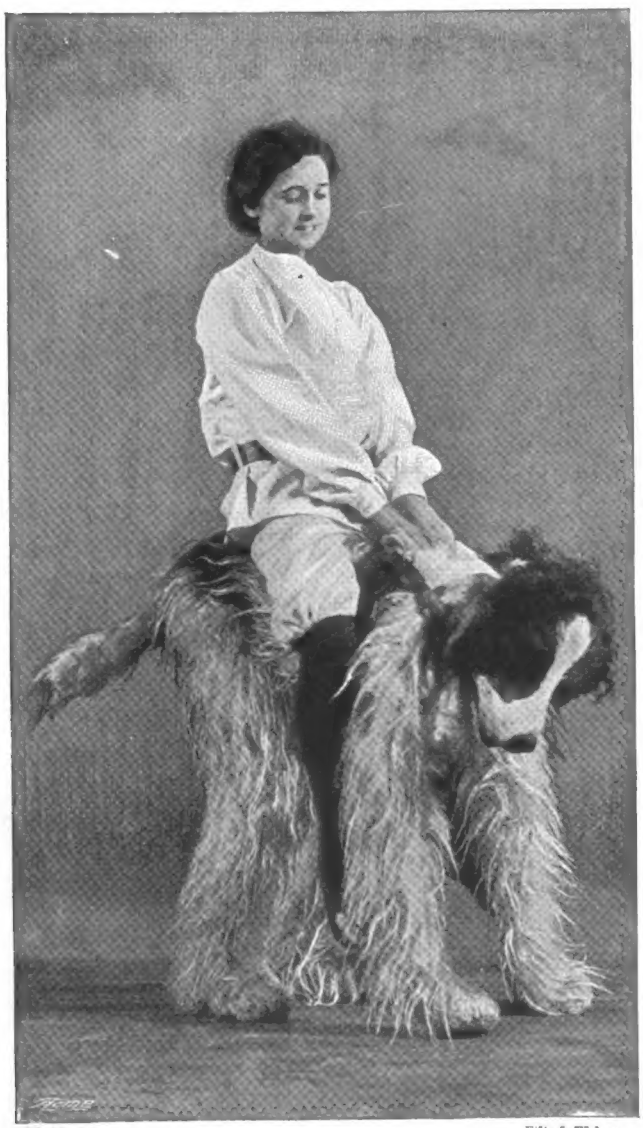

Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

Mr. Arthur Lupino as Nana, the dog-nurse, in *Peter Pan*, with Miss Winifred Geoghegan on his back.

At these he made a study of the sable fowl, and, in order to persuade it to utter its natural croak, which he desired to imitate, he made faces at it and gesticulated, with most gratifying success.

The correct walk for a raven, a compromise between a step and a hop, needed a great deal of practice, but all who saw *Two Naughty Boys* will admit that the result was a triumph.

The imitation feathers of this Gaiety raven, which bird almost rivaled the Spring Chicken at the same theatre, were composed of velvet, hand painted to resemble the plumage of the "real thing."

Claws carefully made after the style of those seen on genuine ravens adorned the feet of the spurious bird, and the legs of the artist who played the part were clothed in yellow-hued tights. No strings were necessary to work the different sections of the raven.

The wings were caused to flutter by the movement of the comedian's arms, and his jaw was the means whereby the raven's beak opened and closed. An interesting feature of this raven was that, whenever he assumed a stooping position, his tail moved automatically.

Like the impersonators of donkeys, Mr. Steele had difficulty in seeing, with disastrous consequences on one occasion.

The nature of his trappings precluded a good view of his feet, and one afternoon he tripped over a plank and fell to the ground.

The audience fortunately took this accident for part of the performance, and it evoked loud applause.

Probably a good many people who applauded Mr. Oscar Asche when he was playing the part of Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, did not appreciate all the difficulties he had to overcome while wearing the donkey's head.

Although he did not suffer so much inconvenience as those whose lot it is to assume the skin as well as the head of a

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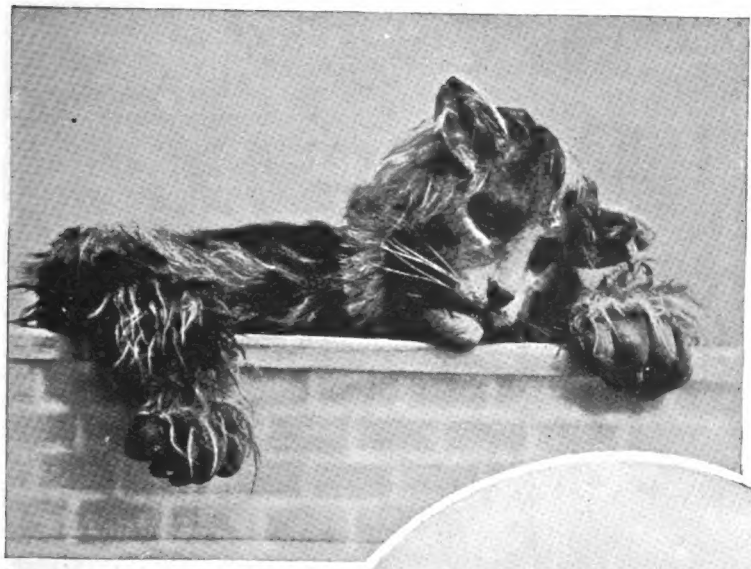

"The Cat of the Season"—Mr. Arthur Conquest in *Cinderella* at Drury Lane.—

Photos Nops Ltd.

—He climbed round the grand circle, and children gave him sweets on the way.

dog. Mr. Lupino, as Nana, carried the children to their bath by giving them a ride on his back, bathed them, and then put them to bed. It was all quite serious, and he was forced to be a perfectly natural dog, so he never got a rest by standing upright.

An interesting detail regarding his make-up not generally known is that it was modeled to represent a favourite dog belonging to Mr. J. M Barrie, the author of the piece.

donkey, yet some practice was necessary before he became accustomed to wearing the head of a departed Neddy on his shoulders.

Mr. Asche had to manipulate ten strings, one in connection with each eye in his disguise, one for each ear, one for each eyeball, one for each eyelid, and one both for the upper and lower lip.

It was necessary, he found, to speak a trifle more loudly than usual in order to be heard distinctly through the false head.

It is hardly likely that all the children who were enchanted by his performance as Nana, the dog-nurse, in *Peter Pan*, sympathised with Mr. Arthur Lupino as he deserved.

The part was an extremely trying one for this reason:

The ordinary dog or cat parts, which are so popular among the children who witness pantomimes, are essentially burlesques. The comedians playing these parts never fail to raise a laugh when they stand up on their "hind legs," and in so doing they get a very welcome rest from what is at the best an unnatural position for a human being.

But Nana was supposed to be a real

The imitation skin was made of the finest silk, and cost no less than thirty guineas.

The most famous pantomime cat of this season was undoubtedly the one which appeared at Drury Lane. This pussy was played by Mr. Arthur Conquest.

Not the least exciting of his antics was a tour of the auditorium every afternoon and evening, along the ledge of the grand circle.

Mr. Conquest was always a great favourite with the children who took part in *Cinderella*,

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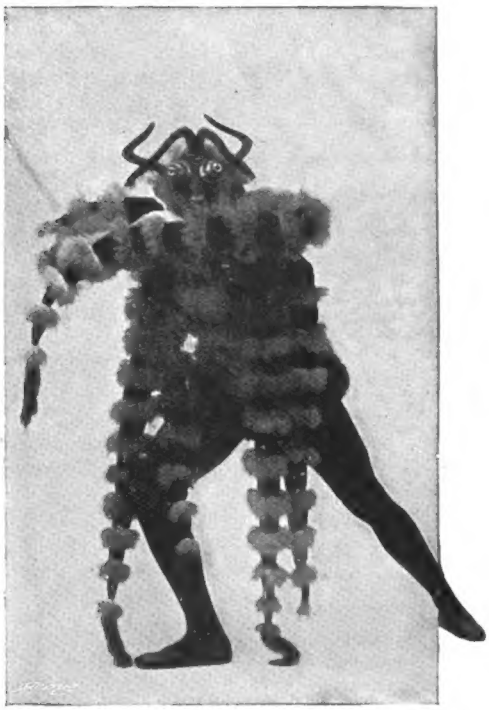

Photo *Hana.*

A weird spectacle. This is Mr. Espinozi, made up as a spider.

but after he began to return from his wanderings round the auditorium with money and sweets rattling inside his mask, his juvenile friends increased.

Where he was once welcomed by single spies on the completion of his trip, battalions awaited him, and saved poor pussy the trouble of removing his mask by opening it themselves. They then shared out whatever spoils it contained.

The popular cat once suggested saving the money, and giving a gorgeous tea with it when enough had been amassed, but the children preferred a bird in the hand to any number in the bush.

Share and share alike was the general rule, but when a tin clockwork mouse was carried home one day, there was great competition for its possession.

Mr. Conquest first practised climbing round the circle seven years ago at his father's theatre, the Surrey.

At Drury Lane he always pretended to fall off the ledge into the grand circle at some point during the journey, and one night barely escaped crushing a silk hat which was resting on the floor at the spot where he made a feint of slipping.

The gentleman to whom the hat belonged lifted up his voice in anguish, and Mr. Conquest hurried along. Those who knew the secret of the sham fall, however, laughed joyfully at the joke.

The children in the audience sometimes made the cat's journey rather uncomfortable by patting his head and back and pulling his tail.

Some of the old ladies were quite as affectionate as the children. They even said they would like to get Mr. Conquest a saucer of milk, and called him "nice pussy," and other pet names!

Mr. J. Fuller, the amiable cat below, has certain distinctive features connected with his impersonations of felines. For instance, he can leap lightly over eight chairs when wearing all his regalia.

He has made a life-long study of cats and their ways, and invariably tries to feel as well as look his part.

We are indebted for much of our information to Blackmore's Agency.

Photo *Campbell-Gray.*

A second cat, impersonated by Mr. J. Fuller. His expression is particularly amiable.

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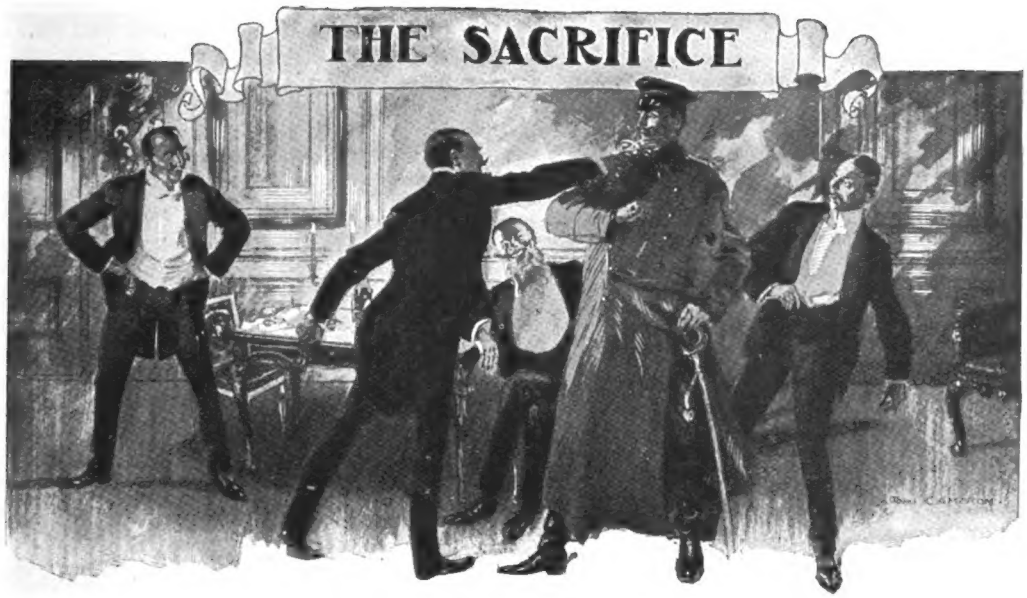
THE SACRIFICE



A Story of German Military Life.

By Ida A. R. Wylie.

I.

Konrad von Felsenburg stood on the steps of the officers' casino, eyeing thoughtfully the pair of immaculate white kid gloves, over which, after ten minutes of the most gentle pulling and coaxing, he had at length gained a bloodless victory. Finding them adjusted to his satisfaction, he proceeded to remove an entirely imaginary speck of dust from his uniform, and then turned to descend the steps Even as he did so, he heard the clatter of spurs behind him, and a friendly hand fell on his shoulder.

"Ah, Konrad, whither away at this hour of the night?" inquired the newarrival, observing with friendly eyes the generally festal appearance of the other's attire. "Where lies the attraction this time?"

Konrad smiled back at his brother-officer. He had a peculiarly frank smile, which perhaps accounted in some degree for the fact that he was the most loved among the younger men of his regiment.

"It's the ball at the English Embassy," he said simply. "I am due in a quarter of an hour."

The other nodded.

"And the English lessons?" he inquired slyly. "Do they still progress?"

Konrad gave a hearty, though somewhat conscious, laugh. He intimated that the progress was slow but sure, and returned hurriedly to the contemplation of his gloves.

"I will accompany you on your way," said his companion, and the two passed into the well-lit street. Konrad strode along with a firm step and well-lifted head. The content and happiness within him reflected themselves in his clear eyes and upright bearing. Yes, the English lessons *were* progressing, he thought to himself with an inward chuckle. Had not the little Scotch girl whom he had known so long and whose name was soon to be the same as his, had she not told him but yesterday that his manner of saying "I love you" was a distinct advance on his first effort, when he shocked her ears and her more restrained British feelings by a vehement and emphatic "I luf you," with a large and equally emphatic "f"? He was very happy. The world, he was sure, had nothing more to offer him. Just then the even tenor of his thoughts received a shock.

"Felsenburg," his friend was saying, "I never properly congratulated you on your engagement to Miss Menteith. I would like to do so now."

"Oh, thanks," said Konrad gaily. "I certainly deserve to be congratulated."

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"Yes," was the rather grave response, "I hope so."

Konrad gave a sharp, astonished glance at the man by his side. He observed that his head was bowed.

"Hope so? Why, of course——" he began.

"Yes, yes," interrupted the other half impatiently. "I have met Miss Menteith; she is in every way charming."

"Well!"

"She has a brother. You know, an officer's wife should not have relations that are—well——"

Konrad uttered an indignant "pshaw!" made some remark about "nothing being known for certain" and "wild oats," then bade his companion good night, and went up the brilliantly-lighted staircase of the Embassy. The first cloud on his horizon was not large enough to trouble him long, and all anxiety had left his eyes as he gazed eagerly round the crowded ballroom.

Some time elapsed before he encountered the person for whom he was obviously searching, and, indeed, the task was no easy one amongst the gorgeous uniforms and brilliant dresses; but he threaded his way perseveringly in and out of the crowd, now bowing to an acquaintance, now greeting a brother-officer.

Quite suddenly he came upon her. She was standing somewhat apart under one of the large palms which stood at the entrance, a beautiful little vision in white, more beautiful, the loyal Konrad thought, than any other being there. He came towards her impetuously, and, knowing by some instinct he was there, she raised her eyes. Konrad half stopped short, and the delight written on his face changed to alarm, for the woman he loved was paler than he had ever seen her, and the eyes were dark with trouble. She greeted him with a smile that was painfully forced; but there was a certain relief in her manner which told him she was glad of his presence. Conversation of anything but the most banal order he knew to be out of the question, but after their greetings he managed to say quietly:

"Jean, you ought not to be here—you are ill."

She shook her head wearily.

"No, I am not ill."

"Then you have trouble?"

She did not deny it.

"You have trouble," he repeated in his quaint English, "and you have——"

"Cried," she finished, with a one-sided little smile. "Yes, I have cried."

He drew himself up and surveyed the assembly with a certain air of determination.

"They begin a waltz," he said. "If you will dance with me, then you will tell me as we go."

"I will?" she queried, looking up at him quizzically. "How do you know I will?"

"I think you will," he repeated gently, "because we both care very much, and surely one does not thrust loved ones aside even when sorrow comes."

She flushed a little, and glanced at him with a kind of grave pleasure.

"Yes, I suppose you are right," she said, as she took his proffered arm. They waltzed silently a moment, then Konrad looked down at her.

"Well?" he asked.

"Yes, I know," she answered with a sigh, "I know you are waiting; but it is hard to begin, harder especially to begin to you. You are a German and a soldier—you will be more shocked, more disgusted perhaps than another man would be——"

"Forget all except that I am the man who loves you," he interrupted.

"Yes, I will remember that, Konrad," and here she began to speak jerkily, as though forcing out the sentences against her will. "Konrad, you know my brother—he is young and foolish—wild, if you like. He has got himself into awful trouble—I don't know what it is—he never tells anyone, but this evening as I went past my father's room"—she stopped and glanced up at him with contracted brows. He was leaning slightly over her, trying to catch her words amidst the clash of the music and the steps of the many dancers. His eyes were anxious, but there was a steadfastness in them which gave her courage.

"As I went past my father's room," she repeated, "I saw him—he had something in his hand that he had taken—something that was not his—money. I tried to stop him, but he flung me on one side—muttered he was going to have a last try to get everything back, and dashed out of the house. Ah, Konrad, why could he not have come to me? If this is found out—you know my father—it means ruin—disgrace—for him and everyone. Konrad, men are mad when they do these things?" There was a certain appealing question in her voice.

"Jean, I am coming to-morrow," he said quietly. "Perhaps I can think of something to help you; perhaps my love will show me the way. I cannot say much—you must understand,"

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She thanked him dumbly with her eyes. She was glad he said so little—glad he had the self-control to look as though nothing more important than the band, or the floor, or the dancers were the subjects of his conversation.

"Good-night, Konrad," she said. "I am going home."

"Going home?"

"Yes, I cannot stand it any longer. I came to save myself from making excuses—and to see you. Now I am going."

He went out into the vestibule and took down his military coat. He acted mechanically, as one striving to collect his disjointed thoughts. Once outside in the shadow of the houses, he paused and lighted a cigar. He had a vague hope it might help him to see things straight. See things straight? Was anything straight? What had she said? "It means ruin—disgrace—for him and everyone." Yes, "for him and everyone." He was beginning to understand now. He was a young man brought up in the very heart of the stern discipline and almost too rigid code of German military honour. He had heard of disgrace as something far off—nearly unspeakable, and now it was at his very side, rubbing up against his shoulders, speaking to him in his ear.

At that moment he heard the sound of high, unsteady voices, and, turning instinctively, saw a group of men coming towards him, evidently excited, and gesticulating violently. As they passed him the light of a lamp flashed on their faces, and one he recognised. Too well he knew that white, weak face, with the faint moustache which tried in vain to hide the wavering mouth; too well also did he know by repute the men whom he accompanied, men to whom honour was nothing and money all. men who cared not how ignorant and unwary their victim, so long as he left them ruined. For one instant Konrad hesitated on the brink to which Fate had forced him. Then, throwing aside the cigar, he strode after the retreating figures.

II.

The streets seemed to him long and without number. He wondered if they would ever end. It was the only thought he appeared capable of; everything else was confusion and uncertainty. He obeyed an instinct which urged him and guided him throughout that night of his life's crisis; but settled plan of his own had he none. At length those whom he followed entered a large hotel. Konrad saw with relief that it was not of the low order he had looked for; it was, indeed, one that he himself and his brother-officers often frequented. He made his way into the large entrance hall and glanced around. Jean's brother and his companions had already disappeared. As he stood hesitating, the hotel manager approached him with all the obsequiousness due to a wealthy customer.

"Herr Lieutenant wishes?" he began with a profound bow.

Konrad turned on him abruptly.

"A party of gentlemen entered some moments ago," he said, speaking with a sharp military directness, as if he were addressing his men on the parade ground; "which room have they entered?"

The manager put his head a little on one side as if in doubt.

"The gentlemen have a private room," he said; "perhaps the Herr Lieutenant is acquainted——"

"Yes," interrupted Konrad with impatience, "I *am* acquainted with one of the gentlemen. Please show me the way," for the instinct within him was urging him to be quick with whatever he had in his mind to do.

The manager put him in the hands of one of the attendants, who led him through the corridors to the door of a room in the quieter part of the hotel.

"Shall I announce the Herr Lieutenant?" he asked.

"No," said Konrad, and dismissed him. He stood there for a moment, asking himself what had happened, what he was doing, and what he was going to do; then he pushed open the door and entered.

The room was a small one; in the centre stood a green baize table, around which sat the men whom Konrad had followed. They had thrown their coats and hats on the various chairs, and were already engaged in play. Konrad noticed that Malcolm, Jean's brother, was the only one drinking, and that he was drinking hard.

The entrance of the young officer caused an instantaneous interruption; one of the men half rose, the others gazed at him with vicious eyes of inquiry and anger. Malcolm did not appear to have noticed anything; he sat absorbed in the cards he held in one hand, whilst with the other he patted the small pile of gold he had won. He nearly always won for the first half hour. It encouraged him to plunge deeper.

The man who had risen advanced towards Konrad with a bow of mock politeness.

"Might it be asked to what is due the

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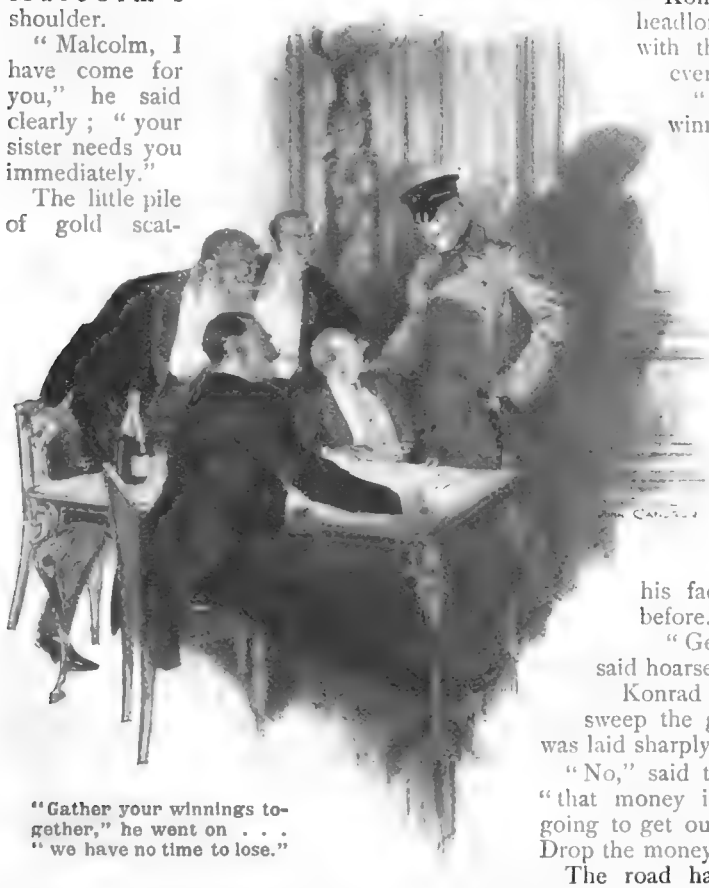
honour of the Herr Lieutenant's visit?" he inquired. Konrad was standing very straight, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, his eyes gazing over the head of his interrogator to where Jean's brother sat. In the shadows of the little room he seemed to tower giant-like, his open face and proud bearing a contrast to the dissipated men whose shifty eyes were scrutinising every detail of his person. The question addressed to him was repeated, but Konrad paid no heed to it. He took a short stride and laid his hand sharply on Malcolm's shoulder.

"Malcolm, I have come for you," he said clearly; "your sister needs you immediately."

The little pile of gold scattered itself over the table; a white, startled face was turned up to his. Konrad noticed with contempt the watery blue eyes and half-opened mouth, and wondered how Jean came by such a brother. He kept his hand on Malcolm's shoulder, as though he felt by so doing he possessed some magnetic influence.



"Gather your winnings together," he went on . . . "we have no time to lose."

"Gather your winnings together," he went on, still speaking in the same sharp, level tone, "we have no time to lose."

The stupor which had fallen on the group at Konrad's entrance had now had time to dissipate. The man who had first spoken again advanced on Konrad with a second ironical bow, to which was added something vaguely threatening.

"Permit me to inquire," he said, "what right the Herr Lieutenant has to interfere in this matter?"

"Come, I beg of you," repeated Konrad, still addressing Malcolm.

Jean's brother gazed on the faces around him, and gathered determination.

"I refuse," he said.

Konrad felt that he was dashing headlong between two chasms, with the road growing narrower every minute.

"See, I will gather your winnings myself," he said; then, as the other made an effort at resistance, he leant forward and spoke in his ear.

"You *shall* come," he said, speaking in English. "I know everything. If you do not come, I shall call the police."

It was a bold move, and the last one in his power. He saw with relief that its effect was instantaneous. Malcolm's mouth relaxed, and he rose, his face grown even paler than before.

"Get the wretched money," he said hoarsely. "I'll come."

Konrad reached over the table to sweep the gold together, but a hand was laid sharply on his.

"No," said the gambler opposite him, "that money is ours. Menteith is not going to get out of giving us our revenge. Drop the money."

The road had come to an end, and Konrad knew it; but he gathered the winnings, and placed them in Malcolm's unsteady hand.

"Come," he said.

The two turned towards the door, but in a minute one of the party stood before them.

"Let me through," said Konrad.

"No," was the answer.

Konrad attempted to push his way past, but the other, with a quick movement seizing Malcolm's half-empty glass, dashed its contents full in the officer's face.

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"You fine young cub, let that teach you to keep your insolence and interference to yourself!"

There was a moment's complete and appalling silence. It was broken by the click of Konrad's sabre as, with a violent effort at self-control, he thrust it back into its scabbard.

"I suppose you know," he said at length in a stifled voice, "I, as officer, can give and take no satisfaction from *you*." There was a suppressed but furious contempt in the emphasis on the "you."

"I know," was the mocking answer. "Moreover, Herr Lieutenant, *I* have all the satisfaction I need. You are a ruined man."

Konrad was white to the lips, but not a muscle of his face moved. A ruined man? Full well he knew that, as did his adversary; he had known it ten minutes ago; he had known it in his heart of hearts when he stood outside the door and hesitated. But he had gone on, urged by that fatal but chivalrous instinct to save her and her name's honour. He opened the door and forced Malcolm outside. No one hindered him now, for his face was as of one who had long since ceased to count the costs. Outside in the street the two men walked in dogged silence. Konrad strode on with the high head and firm step as of yore, but he did not think—that was to come later, after he had fulfilled his last work. At the door of Malcolm's house they stopped.

"Go," said Konrad, "go, give back the money you have stolen—yes, stolen," he repeated sternly, for this was no moment for mercy. "Clear your debts as best you can and leave the country. You will not be saved twice."

The two men eyed each other under the dim light of the street lamp, but what thoughts were in their minds none can tell, for neither spoke. They had both stood on the brink of destruction and one had fallen—that was all. The prodigal turned and entered the house, Konrad passed on to his own dwelling.

Once in his own room he locked the door and seated himself at his table. He must think now, must try to understand what had happened, and, above all, what *was* to happen. But he could not think, could not understand. Within him there raged a chaos, a furious chaos, battering against the very doors of his brain till it seemed as if he struggled in the midst of some mad nightmare.

What need to think or understand? It *was* a nightmare; he would wake up and find the sun streaming in at his window, would rise and go forth on the duties that he loved, and the dream would fade in the day's clear light. How glad he would be to awake—he wished it could be soon. Then his eyes fell on the dark stains upon his uniform—the stains of the wine which had been flung in his face an hour ago, and the sight of them stilled the chaos, and brought a sudden order to his bewildered thoughts.

He looked at the dark cloth and began to remember things that had almost been forgotten. He remembered the first day he had donned the uniform of a full-fledged officer. How proud he had been! He had gone down the principal street of the city and had seen other lieutenants; he had wondered if they were so proud and happy as he was; he thought they must be. Their unknown faces were dear to him; they were his brothers—brothers in the great army which guarded a great nation and a great Emperor, and his heart had burnt within him. He had sworn to himself with proud, uplifted head that he would keep that simple uniform spotless from all shame, that he would help to make it stand for all that was pure and noble and chivalrous, and now—now it was stained, dishonoured.

According to the German military code of honour an officer may not suffer his uniform to be insulted. He must fight anyone who affronts it, or, if they are beneath him in rank, either cut them down or resign his commission.

He took up his pen and began to write, first to his Colonel. He explained something of what had happened and sent in his papers. He wondered vaguely if the Colonel could read the letter; it looked so unlike his usual handwriting, so smeared and blotched and uneven, like that of a man who had been racked till he could bear no more. Then he wrote to his mother. Ah! what had his pride been compared with hers! Her old, sad eyes had filled with a sudden fire as they surveyed his tall form and open countenance.

"Konrad, you will go out into the world and make the fair name you bear still fairer," she had said.

He set his teeth and wrote on.

Lastly he wrote to Jean. He told her nothing of her brother. "I have allowed my uniform to be insulted. I am a disgraced man and you are free," he wrote.

Then suddenly something snapped within his brain. Oh Heavens! how he loved her, how happy he had been because she, too, had cared. And she was to have been his—his for ever to keep and love. Surely the earth could offer him no more? And now in one

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short hour, honour and life were swept beyond his sight—beyond recall.

He flung himself face downwards on his couch. In spite of his grave ways he was, after all, little but a boy in years and heart. And he bit his lip till it bled because he did not want to cry out that the pain was more than he could bear.

III.

Konrad stood by his window and looked out on the long, grey street. The events of the preceding evening had left him stunned, so that he hardly knew what he did, or thought, or said. His brain had the hazy, bewildered feeling of one who had not slept for many nights; he was thankful for it, because, to some extent, it numbed the torture which the day had brought.

He was thinking in desultory fashion of what the Colonel had said to him and of what he had answered.

"You were last night, you say, engaged in gambling with men whom no officer should know?" the elder man asked him.

"Yes—that is to say—I was present."

"What reason had you, then, for being present?"

"I can offer no reason."

"And you took part in a vulgar brawl?"

"Yes."

"And were insulted whilst in uniform?"

"Yes."

A long pause.

"Your resignation will be accepted."

He had gone out of the room like a man convicted to death. He had known the sentence long before it had been uttered. It was a right and just sentence, he knew that, but it was the fatal seal on his whole career. And now he looked out on the long, grey street and wondered how it would all end.

Presently someone rapped at the door, and a moment later his chief friend, Helmut, entered. He saluted Konrad gaily and flung himself down in the easiest chair with a sigh of comfort.

"I expect you want to know what I've come about," he said, surveying Konrad's back through half-closed eyes. "Well, I won't bother you long. I only want to ask which of the officers' races you are taking part in. I am making a list——"

Konrad's lips tightened into a white line.

"I am taking no part."

"Why not?"

"I am leaving the army."

"You—leaving the—why?"

"I was insulted in a gambling affair."

"Well, fight the man."

"He was not a man with whom one fights."

Helmut rose and drew himself together, with a face almost as white as that of his companion.

"And Miss Menteith?" he asked.

Her very name stung Konrad's pain into fresh life. He turned on Helmut with clenched hands.

"Go, go," he said between his teeth. "Don't you see—can't you understand—unless you were born without pity—go!"

Then he continued to gaze out of the window. He heard the door shut with a click, and it sounded to him as if someone were shutting him out in lifelong solitude and loneliness. He took out his revolver case, and eyed the contents thoughtfully. Everything had gone, he was alone in the world, without occupation, without hope. Only life remained, a useless, cumbersome thing: yesterday it had seemed so beautiful, but between to-day and yesterday there stretched an eternity's gulf of suffering.

He seated himself in his old attitude at the table. A vision of a beautiful woman rose up before him, but he thrust it resolutely aside. He would spare himself that last torture of the memory. How long he sat there he could not tell; time had for him long ceased to exist. Presently he fell into a kind of stupor, so that he did not hear a second knock, and the sound of the opening and shutting of his door.

There was a brief pause, and then a voice, only too well remembered, broke the silence.

"Konrad!"

He sprang to his feet, and stood leaning heavily on the table at his side.

"Jean!"

They looked at each other, she gravely and sadly taking in his drawn face and the eyes that were red with pain and want of sleep.

"Jean," he said, horrified at his own voice, which sounded harsh and uneven, "you should not be here, you should not have come."

"Oh," she answered, with a little broken laugh, "my aunt is with me—your sense of the proprieties need not be so outraged."

Then the laugh died away. She came and stood by his side.

"Konrad," she said, "I had a letter from you."

He nodded.

"I thought you would understand," he

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muttered—"I thought you would understand and spare me."

He dared not look at her. All that ghastly night and day the memory of her face and voice had haunted him, and now her actual presence was shaking down the last pillar of his courage.

"Spare you what?" she asked.

Then the bitterness of his spirit broke loose.

"Spare me the telling you that I am disgraced — that I am an outcast—that I have dragged my uniform in the mire——"

She took him by the shoulders with firm, strong hands, and looked up into his agonised face.

"Konrad, I, too, have something to tell you—something that you have left out—something which makes me proud to think one day I shall call you husband. You have given all to save him—to save me and my name. You are a brave, good man, dear."

"You know everything?"

He had sunk back in his chair, his face buried in his hands. She had spoken quite calmly in the quiet, low voice he knew so well. Suddenly she put her arms round him, holding him as if he were some wounded child.

He had sunk back in his chair, his face buried in his hands.

"Konrad, Konrad, of what are you thinking? Are you thinking I do not understand or realise what all this is to you? You had one hope and one ambition, and now both are gone for a woman's sake—for my sake. Do you think I do not know what you are suffering, and will suffer for many days to come? You are a brave man, but you will wince at the sight of men serving the country you love so, you will wince in the after years when grey-haired colonels pass you by—the old wound will ache—you will say within your heart: 'I, too, might have been as you are, a proud and honoured servant of my Emperor.'"

She stopped breathless, then, with a quick gesture, she drew his hands from the wan face.

"Take up your ambition," she said passionately. "Take up your ambition. Do not make me the ruin of your life—I could not—would not bear it. Why should you be cast underfoot? What have you done that was not honourable and noble? It is an injustice that shall not be. I will go to the Emperor, I will tell him everything——"

Konrad gave a weary little laugh.

"Do you think the Emperor waits in his antechamber to hear the grievances of unknown lieutenants?" he asked bitterly. "He will not hear you."

"He shall hear me, or, if he does not——"

Konrad looked up.

"Then?"

"Then we will start afresh, we will go together into a new world. Yes, together. I shall not hinder you. There is no privation,

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no disappointment, no sorrow which it shall not be my pride to share with you——"

"With me?" he interrupted feverishly, "with me? To sacrifice your life?"

"Sacrifice? What is the sacrifice that keeps me to one I love? What is my sacrifice to yours—what is the little my devotion can bring you in exchange——" Then she caught sight of the revolver lying upon the table, and she laughed the wavering laugh of a woman whose strength is nearly at an end. "So!" she said, "this is your way out of the troth to me. Choose, Konrad, for you must choose now. Wait patiently, and, if the worst happens, come with me; fight down this sorrow, let my love atone, or——" her voice broke, but she struggled bravely on. "Ah, Konrad, what was it you once said to me—'surely one does not thrust loved ones aside, when sorrow comes,' and now you are thrusting *me* aside. Choose, dear, for you are breaking my heart."

He raised his head, and for one moment gazed into eyes whose loyalty and faith shone starlike through the blinding tears. Then his shoulders straightened and he drew her to him.

"Yes," he said, with a little smothered sigh, "if the worst comes we will go together."

But she looked into his face and saw the suffering graven there.

IV.

It was the memory of that suffering which haunted her on her way home. It stung her to a restless, desperate activity. An appeal to the Emperor had been a random thought. Now it came back as a last though nearly hopeless resort. Her father had great influence; he should be set in action. They would thunder at the palace doors—they would leave no stone unmoved. She ground her little teeth together—it was so easy to talk of thundering! She found her father pacing up and down the library, and without giving him time to speak she burst forth with her propositions. He placed his monocle carefully in his eye and surveyed her with mild astonishment.

"I?" he said, "I get Konrad pardoned? Do you suppose that because I happen to be an Ambassador I can upset the whole German military code? Only the Emperor can do that," and he gave a short laugh.

"Well, then, you must go the Emperor."

"Impossible. It is quite outside my sphere."

"But it's well within mine," she retorted.

Nevertheless, she said nothing more. She felt his indifference bitterly, but when his mind was made up there was no one who could change it, and that she knew only too well. Her only hope lay in herself. Wild plans came into her brain. If only she could get an audience with the Emperor—she would dare anything for that, but how was such an end to be attained? Finding no answer to this question she wrote a brave and encouraging letter to Konrad, and cried secretly over it. It is hard to be encouraging with a despairing heart.

The next day she was on the point of carrying a similar letter down to be posted, when an unwonted bustle in the courtyard below drew her attention. She wondered indifferently who it was that had arrived, and went on her way without further considering the matter. On the stairs she met her father, slightly flushed and evidently somewhat anxious.

"Father," she began, determined to make a last effort.

"Tut, child," he interrupted, "I can't talk with you now. His Majesty the Emperor is here on important——"

"The Emperor?" she said quickly. Her heart throbbed within her till she thought he must hear it. "The Emperor?" she repeated. She felt herself seized in a whirlwind of emotions, but one clear thought stood out—Fate had offered her a chance—one fleeting, desperate chance. She took her father by the sleeve and held him fast.

"You are going to the Emperor," she said, speaking quickly and determinedly, "and you will ask him to give me immediate audience."

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

"You must, father; if you do not you are helping to ruin the man who saved your son's honour."

He flushed and shook her hand from him.

"You are a rash and foolish child," he said gruffly, "but I'll do my best," and went hurriedly away.

Jean stood in the hall and waited. It seemed an eternity. She felt sick with fear of refusal, or, even if the audience were granted, of failure. A lackey came and spoke to her. She hardly heard what he said, but she followed him as in a dream. The boldness and daring of her attempt rushed over her—she was going to be brought face to face with one of the greatest of European monarchs, a man who was the terror and admiration of everyone who came in contact

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with him. What would she have to say? She felt the very eloquence of her love frozen to stony terror, and had it not been for the knowledge that ruin and happiness hung in the balance, she might have faltered and turned back.

The room she entered was shadowy, and she could only see the dim outline of someone in military dress standing at the far end leaning over some documents on the table. Instinctively she curtsied deeply, and then stood trembling. The Emperor raised his head, and then came slowly forward. She noticed that he was not especially tall, but the commanding bearing left no doubt as to who it was.

"*Gnädiges Fraülein,* you desire to speak with me?" he began, in quick, decisive tones. She looked up anxiously into the energetic face and piercing eyes. He was observing her keenly, and she began to understand why men with uneasy consciences dreaded that glance.

"*Majestät,* ——" she began, and faltered The vision of that dull anguish on Konrad's face rose before her, and she took a sudden courage. "*Majestät,* I have heard men say that you have an open ear for the misfortunes of all your subjects, and so I have dared to come to you to plead with you for one who cannot plead with you for himself."

"One who is dear to you?" he inquired.

"Yes, one who is dear to me," she said steadily. This time she looked at him full and straight; she thought his eyes had lost something of their sternness.

"I have but little time to spare," he said, moving restlessly up and down the room; "but I am willing to hear you. For whom is it you wish to plead?"

The removal of his gaze was a relief to her; she breathed more freely. She spoke rapidly, in short, disjointed sentences, yet with a desperate eloqu·nce, as one begging for a life. At length she stopped breathless and trembling. The Emperor came to a stand before her.

"So you wish me to retain this Konrad in the army?" he said.

"Yes, *Majestät,*" she answered boldly.

"Does it not occur to you that many another young officer has been dismissed for faults less than his and has obtained no pardon?"

"Their faults, doubtless, were mostly committed through their own folly—his through his nobility and generosity."

The Emperor resumed his pacing.

"He has, at any rate, an excellent advocate," he remarked.

Jean felt a sudden faintness come over her.

This time she looked at him full and straight.

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She had done all she could, and in the doing of it she had used the last atom of her strength and courage. She put out her hand graspingly, and caught the back of a chair. The Emperor saw the movement.

"You may consider your request granted," he said abruptly.

It was like strong wine in her veins; strength and life rushed back to her with the force of a dammed torrent suddenly released. She made a little movement forward; the Emperor held out his hand; she, bowing almost to the ground, kissed it.

"Were it needed, I would thank you with my life, *Majestät*," she said, in a voice shaking with happiness.

* * * * *

Two days later Konrad, in full uniform, strode up the steps of the Embassy and demanded to see Miss Menteith at once. Whilst waiting for her he paced the drawing-room like a caged tiger, picking up one ornament after another and setting them down again in various places with total indifference to safety or appropriateness. At length a graceful little figure, in whose face sparkled a suppressed light of gladness, entered the room. He went to her swiftly and caught her hands in his.

"Jean," he cried, "think what has happened. It is like a dream. The Colonel sent for me this morning; he told me my resignation from the army has been——"

"Refused!" she finished, laughing at his amazement.

"Refused? How did you know? Jean," drawing her to him, "it was *you* who obtained my pardon?"

"Yes, it was I," she said more gravely. "I won it from the Emperor, and"—she put up her face and kissed him—"it is my wedding gift to you."

PROVERBS.

Dolly was hay-making down by the river,
And I humbly asking what help I could give her.
But Dolly was wroth,
And, tossing her head,
She scornfully said:
"'Too many cooks spoil the broth!'"

"Oh, proverbs?" said I, "then I'll tell you another:
'Many hands make light work,' so I've heard from my mother.
But the best one," I said
"At least for my part,
Is this: 'A faint heart
Never won a fair maid.'"

Miss Dolly replied, in the highest displeasure:
"What! 'Marry in haste to repent at my leisure?'
You cannot mean that!
The very idea!
I hope it *is* clear
That *your* proverbs fall flat."

"But, dear," I went on, and it seemed to surprise her,
"I know one more proverb that's twenty times wiser.
Which? Cannot you guess?
'Happy the wooing,
Not long a-doing.'
Oh, Dolly, say yes!"

Isabel Butchart.

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BEAUTY AND THE WOMAN

Little Things that Make All the Difference.

By Mrs. Pomeroy.

The wrong way to sit down.

The correct attitude.

Every woman has it within her power to possess an attractive appearance, no matter how plain of feature she may be by nature, providing she will take an intelligent interest in studying the peculiar requirements necessary for her personal improvement.

Keeping a youthful appearance of face and figure when past one's first youth, and the transforming of displeasing defects and natural shortcomings into agreeable points, lie, to a very great extent, within each woman's hands.

The fact that there are any actually plain women in the world is due almost entirely to the women themselves.

To keep in ideal condition requires daily care in little things; not anxious thought and worry over the form of Nature's gifts to us, which may not be exactly to our taste, but good common-sense as to food, cleanliness, exercise, fresh air, and sleep.

Consider what foods suit you individually, and have the courage to abstain from those which experience tells you are not good for you. Bad digestion is one of the bitterest enemies of good looks, and no woman can afford to overlook self-denial in her diet.

Everybody knows the importance of daily exercise and of getting plenty of fresh air and sound sleep, but not every woman stops to think how much these commonplace things have to do with her looks, or how neglect of them eventually robs her of both youth and beauty.

Before dressing in the morning the circulation should be warmed up by going through some simple form of exercises for five or ten minutes. The simplest is to place the tips of the fingers against the collar-bone, and then work the arms in a rotary motion as high up over the head as possible.

This quickens the breathing and circulation, and at the same time widens and beautifies the chest and shoulders. If this is done for ten minutes night and morning there will be an increase of an inch and a half in chest-measurement within six months.

A woman's complexion is far and away the most important factor either for or against her personal beauty. It can give a pleasing attractiveness to the most ordinary features, and can also take away all charm from a perfectly-moulded face.

Therefore it is of paramount importance that every woman who desires to look her best should bestow the utmost care upon gaining and keeping a good complexion by perfectly natural and hygienic means.

To do this does not mean the daily rubbing of the skin with rough towels, hard water,

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and soaps. In truth, these are the very things one ought *not* to do.

Soap should *neve* be used on the face, as the alkali contained in it destroys the delicate outer skin, which, through constant exposure, is subjected to most trying conditions.

Water should be used to wash the face *once* a day, but not oftener. If hard water must be used, then put in a pinch of water-softener to take off the hardness.

On getting up in the morning is the time to lave the face, and the water should by preference be tepid. Use the hands instead of a sponge or cloth, and dash the water over the face and neck for a moment or two. Then dry by patting gently with a very soft towel, but *never* rub roughly.

Powdered oatmeal, moistened with a little water in the palm of the hand, and gently rubbed over the face two or three times a week.

It should be parted at the side, and brought well out over the forehead and ears.

in place of soap, cleanses the face beautifully, and keeps the skin soft and velvety in appearance.

When it is necessary to cleanse the face during the day, and especially on retiring for the night, *instead* of washing it with water, as is usual, massage it *gently* with a pure skin food, following an upward and outward movement on the chin, cheeks and forehead.

Always use gentle movements directly around the eyes, especially under them, as

The wrong way to dress the hair over this type of face.

the skin is elastic, and will become stretched if rubbed too vigorously. Wipe the face lightly with a soft towel or old handkerchief, and it will be found to be cool, clean, and soft as a baby's.

If the skin be naturally greasy or too moist, the use every morning of powdered oatmeal will prove beneficial.

A sallow skin may be caused by negligence of proper bathing or care of the face after exposure to dust, smoke, sun, or mud, or by the use of strong soaps, and can best be remedied by following the suggestions set down above.

The face should on no account be washed immediately after exposure to cold air, strong winds, or hot sun, or when one is in a heated condition. Immediate washing induces a great accession of colour, and a burning sensation, and deepens the tan or roughness caused by the exposure.

One should first rest a little to give the skin time to return to its normal temperature —and then wipe the face gently and dust lightly with sweetly-scented rice powder.

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A long chiffon scarf and picture hat should not be worn with a simple coat and skirt.

This treatment is most soothing and refreshing.

Among the most common disfigurements of the skin are freckles, which are of two kinds—summer and winter.

Summer freckles are easy to remove, as they are merely pigmented spots drawn out by the sun, and are only one skin deep.

Winter freckles, or cold freckles, as some call them, are constitutional, and due to an excess of bile in the blood, which is thrown out on the skin, and, as the cause comes from within, they are deep set.

The first may be cured by the application of pure cold cream at night and proper care of the skin during the day, while the latter should be treated constitutionally by a physician.

The use of arsenic as a medicine should cease at the earliest possible moment, and should *never* be employed as a beautifier. It may appear to do good for a time, but Nature soon takes revenge by sending out upon the skin dark and unsightly spots.

No woman can expect to have a good complexion if she is so foolish as to wear her clothing too tight.

A "Venus de Milo" torso, topped by a bright face, with clear complexion, free from lines of care, is far more attractive than an eighteen-inch waist, surmounted by a face with nose reddened by defective circulation, complexion muddied by the products of indigestion, and tiny furrows of pain crossing the forehead and branching from eyes and mouth.

Tight-lacing, tight shoes or gloves, discomfort in the dress of any sort, or ill-health in any part of the body, are sure to send messengers of distress to the face, wreaking disaster on one's good looks.

There is an old saying to the effect that it requires three generations of idleness to make

A smart but inconspicuous hat with a small stole or scarf round the neck is the correct thing to wear.

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a beautifully shaped hand. This may be true in some respects, but it is quite possible to improve the contour of a hand and arm by proper massage and electricity.

Mothers could do wonders for their children's after development by giving a little attention to the shaping of the wee noses and fingers for a few moments during the morning and evening bathing or dressing of their babies.

The pliableness of the cartilages in babyhood and early childhood make it perfectly easy to mould the shape of the nose and taper the fingers by gentle pressure.

The simplest rules to follow in the care of the hands and nails are: Always use *soft* water, either natural or made so by some good water softener, for washing, and employ powdered oatmeal for cleaning more often than soap. Be very careful always to dry the hands well, and dust a little oatmeal over them at the finish. Never clean the nails with a sharp instrument such as scissors or knife. This injures the cuticle, and makes the nails coarse and unsightly. Use orange-wood sticks made for the purpose.

With a smart, dressy frock, a motor-cap and lace scarf do not harmonise in the least.

A picture hat, however, gives just that final touch which insures perfection.

Don't try to push the skin too deeply into the finger in the effort to show the half-moons, for Nature does not intend them to show much on some hands.

Always rub cold cream into your hands on going to bed. It keeps them soft and white, and makes good the wear and tear of the day upon them.

Never fail to give the nails a careful manicure twice a week. It saves time and discomfort in the long run. For after a few weeks' attention they get into such perfect condition that keeping them so is merely a matter of a few moments daily, and nothing adds more to the daintiness of a woman's appearance than beautiful, shell-pink finger-nails.

Few women appreciate the importance of looking to the condition of the hair as a great adjunct to an effective appearance. In

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Carriage is all-important for stout ladies. A position such as this is unsightly——

reality, carefully-dressed hair is capable of imparting distinction to the plainest face and figure.

It pays to take care of one's locks, and if neglected they often get beyond all recall to their natural beauty.

Brushing is the chief thing, and should be done regularly on going to bed and on getting up. This awakens the circulation, which is of necessity slower on the scalp than elsewhere, because of the nearness of the skin to the bone.

Very stiff brushes or combs should be avoided, as they irritate when only a stimulating friction is needed.

Don't wash the hair more often than once in three weeks. For some, particularly for those whose hair is dry or inclined to dandruff, the use of strong soap or ammonia is highly injurious.

Many will find a little fresh lemon juice, rubbed well into the hair before washing, and a tablespoonful added to the first water, most pleasantly cleansing. But it does not do for those whose hair is turning grey, as it ultimately induces a yellowish tinge. For them a reliable shampoo powder is preferable.

In summer or winter one should never wear a hat which allows of no ventilation, as the hat induces perspiration, and this in turn rots the roots of the hair with its acidity.

Study the style of hair-dressing which best suits your face, and adopt it, despite the caprices of fashion.

Nothing adds more to one's appearance than a becomingly-arranged coiffure, while nothing else so destroys one's looks as a badly-dressed head of hair. Long, thin faces require to have the hair dressed low on the forehead and full at the sides, thus making the face seem less elongated.

Very thin faces look best with the hair dressed low at the back of the neck rather than piled high on the head, while an oval face nearly always looks best with the hair dressed high and puffed or rolled well off the

—whereas a most graceful attitude may be cultivated with a little trouble.

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forehead. Wearing the hair parted down the centre is the most trying of all modes, but very charming to the demure-faced little woman, and very beautiful in effect when showing off clear-cut classic features and a shapely, broad forehead.

The fashion of artificial waving and curling of the hair is never really to be encouraged, as it is rarely natural in effect. Then, too, these curls and waves do not suit one face in many hundreds. It is far better to stand before one's mirror, experimenting in various ways for arranging the hair in its natural state of straightness until one falls upon the most becoming mode. The chances are that it is much better suited to fall in its own way than when artificially curved to suit the fashion of the moment.

Many otherwise pretty women are spoilt by having a too thin neck and shoul ders. This defect may be remedied by practising the art of carrying the head and shoulders high, and by deep breathing exercises and light calisthenics both night and morning. The arm exercises mentioned earlier answer the purpose of helping to round out the neck and shoulders admirably, and are so simple that anyone can do them without the least trouble.

Drinking plenty of water and as much hot (not boiled) milk as one can stand, helps wonderfully, while the value of massage and rubbing in of good skin food is inestimable. One of the banes of the middle-aged woman is the appearance of the unlovely "double chin," which often robs a face of both beauty and refinement.

No woman, however, need actually submit to this unwelcome intruder into the realm of her forties, for the use of the electric battery and proper massage quickly sends it on its way, to return no more.

Since time immemorial the coming of wrinkles has brought sorrow to woman's heart, for they are the first messengers to announce the passing of youth into maturer age.

They would be much longer in their coming if children were taught the folly of working their faces into innumerable expressions when talking, for these habits of unconscious contortions stick to one all through life, and do more to hurry along the premature appearance of lines and wrinkles than all the care of a lifetime.

There is the most finished art in the suiting of colours and style to the individual woman, and most marvelous possibilities lie in the understanding of what suits one best.

I have seen absolutely plain women transformed into most attractive individuals by substituting the right colour and style of costume for the wrong one, and have also known naturally handsome women make themselves into veritable frumps through lack of taste in clothes.

Colour is one of the most wonderful things in the world, and should always be studied in conjunction with the tones of one's skin, hair, and eyes.

When massaging the face, use upward and outward movements. Massage gently round the eyes as the skin is elastic here, and vigorous rubbing will stretch it here.

"Match the eyes for the daytime, the complexion for the evening," is a motto of some of the most perfectly set up women, but this would not suit all types, of course.

If one has dark blue eyes or grey ones touched with blue, there is no other daytime colour half so splendid as dark indigo blue, or dark cornflower blue. Navy blue is too hard—but the other two shades of blue are simply glorious for such eyes, and have the effect of intensifying the depths of their own colour in the eyes themselves, and of bringing out the best tones in the skin and hair.

For evening wear it is best for such a woman to wear creamy whites or very soft pinks, and the "crushed" shades in rose and coral. Rarely, however, does *pale* blue for evening wear suit the woman whom dark blues in indigo and cornflower become during the day.

Pale blue is one of the most refined of colours, but it is very trying to women who have anything but perfect complexions. It is best suited for evening wear, as the artificial light is then most kind to one's flesh tones.

Light blue eyes, or very soft brown ones, go best with this delicate colour.

Women with ruddy brown hair and eyes look superb in day gowns of the same colour, but they should have nothing to clash with

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The wrong way to hold up one's gown. This manner of handling the garment makes its wearer appear ungainly.

the harmony of warm tones. If lace is worn it must be in deep creams or brown. So with the gloves, hat, veil, and boots.

Black boots with such a colour would be *awful*.

Ruddy auburn hair, together with either dark blue or rich brown eyes, is set off most perfectly with either warm dark blues, reddish browns, or the most daring scarlet. Blondes can nearly all wear bright reds, in truth, though few women understand this. Red is more truly the blonde's colour than the brunette's; while bright blues ought really to be worn more by dark women than by fair ones.

Fair, dainty-looking women should affect the most refined shades of fawn, as they serve to make one look more exquisitely delicate and feminine still, but these shades are positively *impossible* on a vigorous, ruddy-lipped woman of superb proportions, making her seem almost coarse and masculine in appearance.

Sallow-complexioned women should avoid *all* the *crushed* shades in blues and mauves and rose, as they enhance the faded look in their faces. Dark browns are the most kind to them for the daytime, as they take away from the yellow of the complexion, and often give the effect of soft colour to the cheeks. Shell pinks are best for their evening frocks for the same reasons.

In the choice of styles in one's clothes a woman *must* think more about her individual points both in figure and colouring than of the prevailing fashions. If the mode is for *Princesse* gowns and one's figure is too short or too stout for this particular cut, one must have the good taste and good sense to choose something else more suitable.

The most perfectly set up woman is not she who follows the very latest fashion and cut regardless of her individuality, but the one who gives thought to what actually suits her type, and while modifying it to a certain extent in compliance with the modish styles of the moment, clings to her original understanding of her requirements through any number of changes and fads.

In conclusion, some important "don'ts" and "do's" are: *Don't* wear big hats and chiffon scarves with short, tailor-made costumes.

Wear simple toques and severe scarves instead. Also smart little tailored blouses with pretty silk stocks in preference to soft, lacy things.

Don't wear thin-soled high-heeled boots or shoes with simple morning costumes. Choose a sturdier style of footwear instead.

Don't spoil the effect of a smart afternoon toilette by putting on a severe little toque and tying a crumpled lace scarf round the neck. Wear a dressy hat in harmony with the gown. The addition of the lace scarf is worse than superfluous.

Stout women must avoid light colours and large designs in their dress materials, and also keep to simple lines in order to look as slim as possible.

Very thin women look less slight if they choose light shades and checks, and always have their things made with a great many frills and furbelows.

The right way to manage a skirt. Draped thus, it does not distort the figure.

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Mrs Willoughby's Red Slippers

The History of a Culpable Colonel.

By Una Hudson.

"Confound it!" muttered Colonel Willoughby. "Why can't that girl be trained to put the furniture twice in the same place?"

Every night when the Colonel came up from dinner he attempted to steer a straight course to the switch of the electric light, and every night he found himself baulked. To-night it was a large and bulky package, done up in brown paper and displaying the label of a big costumier, that had impeded his progress.

He turned it over with his foot until "C. T. Willoughby" had come uppermost. Then he stooped with difficulty—for the Colonel was stout—and lifted it to the table for further investigation.

Five minutes later, red and angry, and clutching at the opened bundle, he was making all haste for the man who presided at the desk down stairs.

"Here, you!" he shouted, dropping his burden on the desk. "Look at this!"

The man behind the desk investigated. "Some mistake, sir," he said. "It seems they've sent you some lady's trousseau."

The Colonel pounded the desk with an emphatic fist. "This is no joke," he snorted, "though I suppose some addle-pated idiot intended it for one. I dislike women," declared the Colonel ungallantly, "and I'll not stand having a lot of their finery dumped in my room."

The man behind the desk with difficulty straightened out his features and bent his energies to the soothing of the irate Colonel.

"It was not done on purpose, sir," he said. "I assure you on the honour of the hotel that it was not done on purpose."

"But it says," insisted the Colonel belligerently, "'C. T. Willoughby, Albany Hotel.' They've not even troubled to put 'Colonel.'"

"That may account for the mistake," said the man at the desk. "There may be another C. T. Willoughby in the town, sir. They've got the wrong address." He gave an appraising glance to the contents of the package. "If I know anything about—er—" (he coughed apologetically) "lingerie, sir" (the pronunciation was slightly original, but the Colonel understood), "and I think I do, for I'm a married man, the woman who spent her money on those things is probably even more distressed and annoyed than you, sir."

"Humph!" growled the Colonel.

"Will you leave the package here, sir? I'll do it up again, and telephone to the shop to send for it first thing in the morning."

"U-um," said the somewhat mollified Colonel, "you telephone. I'll do it up myself."

He gathered the bundle into his arms. Owing to its disintegrated nature this was a feat difficult of accomplishment, and the man at the desk was obliged to send a boy after him to pick up the things he dropped.

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Once in his own room, the Colonel locked the door. From among the pile of white, lacy things he picked a much ruffled red silk petticoat, which he shook out and shamelessly examined. It had occasionally occurred to the Colonel to wonder just how the frou-frou that heralds the approach of a well-dressed woman was achieved. Now he knew.

There was a box which he opened, and found to contain a pair of red *suède* slippers. He adjusted his eyeglasses, took out one, and balanced it thoughtfully in the palm of his hand. It was not a particularly small slipper, being a four, though of narrow width; but to the Colonel's masculine eye it appeared positively Liliputian. It was not a slipper of which he could entirely approve. The wide bow had a frivolous air, and the heel was abnormally high.

"Silly!" muttered the Colonel. "Liable to give a woman curvature of the spine. But shapely, very," he grudgingly admitted.

He got up, hunted out one of his own shoes, and placed the two side by side. The incongruous contrast made him smile.

He picked up the little red slipper again, sat down, and began to draw a mental picture of the woman who was to wear it. The Colonel had no detective instincts, but from the abbreviated length of the petticoat, and the smallness of the belt, he gathered that she was little and slight. This was as it should be. The Colonel himself was a large man, and physical bigness he considered a prerogative of the sterner sex.

He approved of her evident partiality for red. The Colonel liked bright colours. More often than not his ties had a dash of red, and his socks and waistcoats were a fearful and wonderful combination of colours.

He decided that her hair and eyes were dark, but her face baffled him. He wavered between a Grecian nose and one slightly *retroussé*, and he couldn't determine whether her mouth in repose was severe or smiling. For a man who had no liking for women, the Colonel was certainly taking considerable interest in this one whom he had never seen.

Finally, he put the slipper back in the box with its fellow, clumsily rolled up the silk petticoat, and placed the two on the pile of white things. Then, acting upon the impulse of the moment, he did a thing for which there could be neither extenuation nor excuse. He deliberately opened the box, took out one slipper, and put it away in the drawer where he kept his shirts.

Had he been asked to, the Colonel probably couldn't have explained why he did this, or why, when he had made the remaining things into a misshapen bundle, clumsily tied up, he lighted a cigar and sat for an hour staring into vacancy, and thinking thoughts that one would not naturally attribute to a woman-hater.

II.

The man who drew a salary for listening to the complaints and righting the wrongs, real or fancied, of the women who bought their clothes of Peter Jones, the great draper, hung up the receiver and left the telephone.

"There's a lady up at The Raleigh," he said in a tired voice, "who wants the red silk petticoat and the red slippers, and the other things she bought yesterday. Name, C. T. Willoughby. Do you know anything about it?"

"The package she wants has just come back," said the man who presided at the wrapping desk. "Went up to The Albany by mistake."

"Thank Heaven!" fervently ejaculated the complaint man. "Send it to her at once."

Two hours later he was again called to the telephone.

"The Willoughby woman," he explained, after a lengthy and, at one end of the line, animated conversation, "says there's only one slipper in the box. She has two feet, and she wants both."

"I haven't got it on," returned the man at the wrapping desk.

The other man glared, and mopped his streaming forehead. "If you think it's so funny," said he, "you can just go and talk to her for five minutes."

That afternoon he went to the manager's office.

"There's a lady named Willoughby," he said, "who bought a pair of red slippers and some other things. The parcel went to the wrong place, and was sent back here. When it went on to her, she found one slipper missing. We can't find it, and we can't replace it, for we have no more red slippers her size."

"Humph!" said the manager. "Give her back her money."

"We've offered to, and she won't take it. Says she bought those slippers to match a gown, and she can't find another pair in the town. And she's *got* to have that other slipper."

The manager sighed. He had had experience of women who had *got* to have things.

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He took up paper and pencil, and prepared to take notes.

"Say it again," he directed. "And tell me where that package was first sent."

III.

Colonel Willoughby looked at his visitor. "What can I do for you?" he said.

Mr. Farrar, the manager of Peter Jones', cleared his throat. "I'm trying to find a missing slipper, sir—a red *suède* slipper; size four, width B.—and was told to come to you."

"Have a cigar," urged the Colonel hospitably; "have a handful; fill up your cigar-case."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Farrar.

"Beautiful weather we're having," went on the Colonel hurriedly.

"Delightful," agreed Mr. Farrar. "But about that slipper——"

"Excuse me," cut in the Colonel, "but didn't you hear somebody knock?"

He got up and opened the door.

"Very extraordinary," he said, coming back to his seat, "I was certain I heard a knock."

"I suppose, sir," said Mr. Farrar, whose suspicions had been more than confirmed by the Colonel's rather remarkable behaviour, "I suppose, of course, you opened that package?"

"What package?" demanded the Colonel belligerently.

"The package addressed to C. T. Willoughby."

"If I hadn't opened it," snapped the Colonel, "how the blazes could I have found out that it wasn't intended for me?"

"Ex—actly, sir," returned Mr. Farrar imperturbably. "And when you sent it back to the shop I suppose everything was just as you had found it?"

"Well, you see," the Colonel parried feebly, "I'm no draper's assistant, and——"

Mr. Farrar leant across the table and spoke confidentially. "Colonel Willoughby," he said, "*what did you do with that slipper?*"

The Colonel grew very red and broke a match off short in a vain attempt to light his cigar.

"It's—it's in the drawer with my shirts," he confessed in a husky whisper.

Mr. Farrar looked hard at the Colonel, but he did not laugh. Instead he said: "Would you mind explaining just why you did that, sir?"

"Hanged if I know," said the Colonel. "It was so little," he went on, as though striving for self-justification, "and—er—feminine. It seemed in a measure to supply something my rooms lacked, and so—er—I just kept it."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Farrar, "I'm afraid that you will have to give it back."

"Of course," agreed the Colonel, "if she really wants it."

"And," Mr. Farrar went on inexorably, "I shall have to ask you to explain to her just where it's been all this time."

"What!" roared the Colonel, "me explain to that woman that I took her slipper out of the box, and deliberately *kept* it? Not if I know it! I'll give it back to you, and you can explain that one of your men mislaid it."

"I couldn't do that, sir," declared Mr. Farrar, who was enjoying himself hugely. "We pride ourselves on never making mistakes. No, she'll have to be told."

The Colonel groaned. "But, my good man," he protested, "just think how I'll feel!"

"You'll pardon my saying so, sir," reminded Mr. Farrar virtuously, "but you should have thought of that before you took the slipper."

"I'll pay you," the Colonel offered desperately, "I'll pay you four times its value, or six times, or ten times. I'll pay you any amount if only you'll take the slipper *and* the blame."

"The reliability of our house," said Mr. Farrar, "is more to us than mere money."

"I never before," declared the Colonel weakly imploring, "took so much as a pin that didn't belong to me. And if only"——

But Mr. Farrar was adamant. "If *you* don't tell her where that slipper is, sir, *I* will," he declared inflexibly.

"Confound it!" roared the Colonel, red and angry. "And confound *you!*" he added savagely.

Mr. Farrar smoked on and waited.

"Give me her address," said the Colonel yielding to the inevitable.

"She is staying at The Raleigh."

"Mrs. or Miss?"

"Mrs."

A look as of a man reprieved came over the Colonel's face.

"Why couldn't you have said so before?" he snapped. "I'll leave it with—er—Mr. Willoughby."

Mr. Farrar chuckled. "I'm afraid, sir," he suggested, "you can't. You see, he's dead."

He rose and bowed. "Good-night, sir," he said.

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"Good-night," returned the Colonel gruffly, and he shut the door after his departing guest with a very decided bang.

Once in the street, Mr. Farrar leant against a convenient post and gave way to the mirth which possessed his soul.

"If only," he gasped, "if only I could see him when he takes that slipper to her!"

IV.

Mrs. Willoughby's apartments, the Colonel found, were on the third floor. He walked up, puffing at every step. The lift shoots you up with so little loss of time, and the Colonel was not wildly anxious for the coming interview.

He had barely breath enough left to gasp out Mrs. Willoughby's name, but there were fifteen awful minutes in which to recover it while he waited in the lady's little red reception room. He passed the time wondering what he was going to say and how he was going to say it.

"What!" roared the Colonel, "me explain to that woman that I took her slipper out of the box, and deliberately *kept* it?"

He jumped nervously when a footfall sounded beyond the red tapestry *portières* and the rightful owner of the slipper came into the room. The Colonel had been quite right as to her size and the colour of her hair and eyes. But, looking at her, he did not wonder that he had been unable to divine her face, for anything so charming, he thought, could not possibly have been made out of one's imagination.

It was not, strictly speaking, a pretty face, but there was a glint of humour in her eyes that strongly appealed to the Colonel, and a hint of tenderness about her mouth which made him feel that in time of stress and trouble one might safely appeal to her. Perhaps she would not be too hard even on an irresponsible man who had purloined one of her slippers.

The Colonel, very red and confused, got to his feet and pulled the slipper out of his pocket. He had not thought to wrap it in paper, and he thrust it towards her held at arm's length.

"Mrs. Willoughby," he began desperately, "your package was sent to me by mistake, and I—er—opened it, and—er—here's your slipper."

Mrs. Willoughby's face relaxed in a smile. She put out her hand for the slipper, and mercifully ignored the Colonel's embarrassment.

"Oh, yes," she said, "and the slipper got left out. How very kind of you to bring it to me!"

The Colonel was guilty of a gusty sigh of relief. He wondered why he couldn't have evolved so simple and withal so reasonable an explanation.

"Our initials as well as our name," he

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said, several degrees more at his ease, "seem to be the same, and so—er—I——"

"A very natural mistake, I am sure," Mrs. Willoughby interrupted smoothly. "I suppose," she remarked pensively, "I ought to have given my full name, but fancy having one's parcels come home labeled Cassandra Theresa Willoughby."

"I really think," returned the Colonel judicially, "that would be a shade better than to see them marked Charlemagne Tobias Willoughby."

Mrs. Willoughby laughed merrily. "You, too?" she said. "I perceive that we have much in common. Sit down and let us talk it over."

The Colonel sat down. So much had they in common that he stayed until eleven accusing strokes from the clock set him hunting for his hat.

"Do," urged Mrs. Willoughby, "come again—soon."

The Colonel crushed her little hand in his big one. "I will," he returned fervently.

"I know now," he confessed to himself a little later, in the privacy of his own room, "what made me keep the slipper. And," he supplemented with vehement earnestness, "I'm glad I did it."

Two nights later he called again on Mrs. Willoughby. He carried a sheaf of roses, and he went up in the lift.

"You are bringing me something *again!*" said Mrs. Willoughby. "How very kind."

To-night she was wearing the red slippers.

The Colonel, catching a glimpse of them as they peeped out for an instant from beneath her trailing silken skirts, decided that on her feet they were even more shapely than they had been off.

It was when he had called steadily for three weeks, and his bills at the florist's and the confectioner's were of goodly proportions, that he hunted up the manager of Peter Jones'.

"Er," he began, "about that slipper of Mrs. Willoughby's. You were quite right not to assume the blame for my—er—carelessness. I'm very glad you insisted upon my returning it in person."

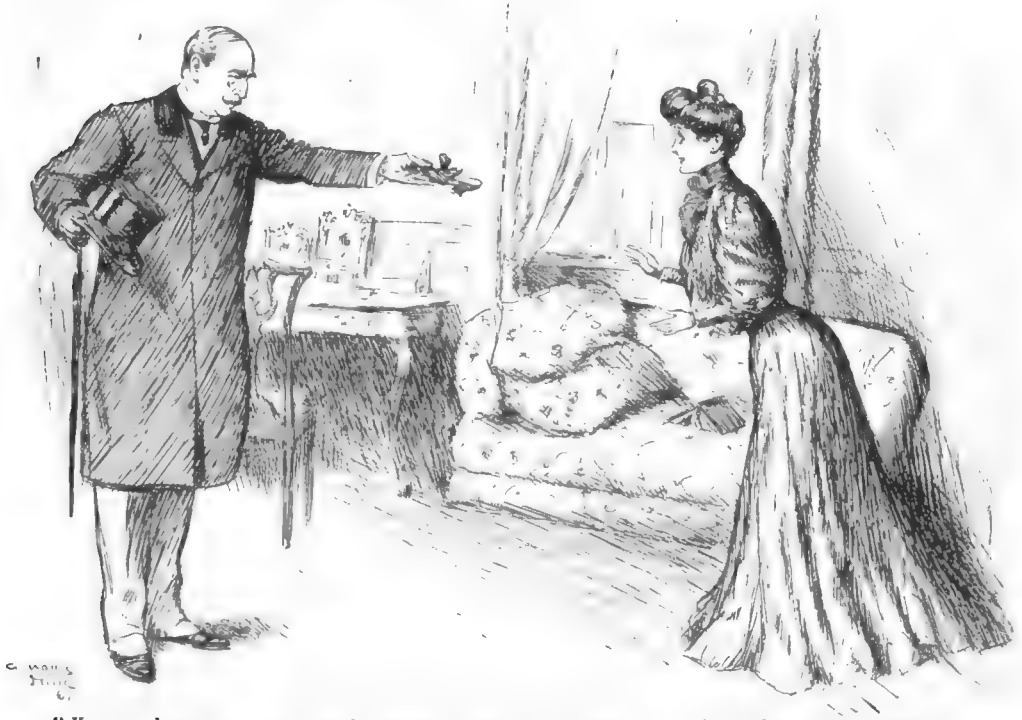
"Indeed, sir," returned Mr. Farrar, with, be it said to his credit, a perfectly straight face, "it's gratifying to know that you feel that way about it."

After the Colonel had gone he turned to the assistant-manager.

"They'll be married within six months, Elwin," he remarked.

"Five," said Elwin.

But the wedding took place three weeks later



"Your package was sent to me by mistake, and I—er—opened it, and—er—here's your slipper."

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Real Life Romances.

Nearly Everyone has had an Exciting Experience at some Period of their Career. Readers are Invited to Submit True Accounts of Remarkable Incidents which they have Taken Part in, Witnessed, or Heard of. Liberal Payment is Made for Accepted Contributions.

A Respectable Robber.

THE ROMANCE OF A WATCH.

CHICAGO has recently been overrun with highway robbers, and citizens have taken to carrying revolvers in self-defence.

* * * * *

"Good-bye, Hobart, and do be careful of those horrid thieves," said the pretty wife of Mr. Hobart Allen, a Chicago business man, some few months ago, as her husband left home in the morning for the scene of his daily labours.

"Good-bye, darling," he replied, "and don't worry about the thieves. If I meet any, I shall know how to deal with them." And he tapped his hip-pocket significantly.

Nevertheless, Mr. Allen did not feel quite so confident when, late that night, he was returning home. His way lay through a long subway running under the North-Western Railway, which was a favourite spot for the operations of the robbers his wife had spoken about.

"Supposing they were to stop me as they did Robinson a day or two ago?" he thought. "I shall never forget his face when I met him after he had been attacked."

However, Mr. Allen tried to dispel these gloomy thoughts by whistling a cheerful measure, and to give himself greater confidence he withdrew a small but serviceable revolver from his hip-pocket, and transferred it to that of his overcoat, keeping his hand on the stock of the weapon.

Suddenly he heard footsteps behind him.

Then a man blundered against him, pushed past, and took to his heels.

To Mr. Allen's distorted imagination, he appeared a horrible ruffian.

He felt for his watch. It was missing!

Then Mr. Allen's anger rose. Drawing his revolver, he roared: "Hand back that watch, or I'll blow your brains out!"

The man made renewed efforts to escape. But Mr. Allen seized him, and pinned him to the wall of the subway.

Leveling the revolver, he exclaimed: "I'll give you one more chance."

Without a word the fugitive handed him a watch, and, wriggling out of his captor's grip, darted away.

* * * * *

"Well, darling," said Mr. Allen on reaching home, "as a matter of fact, I *was* robbed to-day. A man snatched my watch in the subway. But," he continued proudly, producing the revolver, "this little toy persuaded him to give it back."

"Oh, Hobart," cried Mrs. Allen, "your watch is on the dressing-table! You left it behind this morning!"

* * * * *

Mr. Allen is now advertising for the wretched man whom he robbed.

Leveling the revolver, he exclaimed: "I'll give you one more chance."

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The Lost Dog.

A TALE OF CANINE DEVOTION.

IT is seldom that we hear of animals helping one another in times of difficulty or danger, and more especially extending their aid for any considerable while. However, the following story, which comes from Denmark, shows that such incidents are not unknown.

A peasant, one day, whilst out shooting in the neighbourhood of Mörkholt, had with him two dogs, the one an old favourite, the other almost a puppy.

As he was about to return home the man discovered, with some surprise, that the older dog was missing. In vain he called, and searched about the hedges; he could see no sign of the animal, and with some misgivings, for the dog was not in the habit of straying from his master, the man returned to his cottage.

The next morning passed without the dog appearing. It seemed to have been spirited away, and in despair the man decided that his favourite had fallen to the gun of some relentless gamekeeper.

Still, there was something suspicious in the manner of the younger dog. The morning succeeding the disappearance of the old dog the peasant missed the puppy. Some hours later the little animal returned, wearied, and begrimed with earth.

The same thing occurred the second day. On the third, seeing the puppy, with a piece of meat in his mouth, set off, seemingly on a similar errand to the previous ones, the peasant followed.

Half-an-hour later a strange sight met his eyes. The little terrier had suddenly disappeared down a burrow in a hard sandy bank. A minute later the little animal crept out, and, moving a few feet away, began to scrape vigorously with its paws. Peering down the hole, the peasant called his favourite by name. A quick bark of recognition fell on his ears, and the puppy, as if realising that his master would lend him a hand, scraped furiously in the deep hole he had already formed.

At last, wearied with his labours, the peasant decided to continue his task the next day.

From a cottage near by the peasant borrowed a spade, and at once set to work to enlarge the hole that the devoted puppy had begun. After several hours' digging, the man found himself confronted with a piece of rock, which it appeared impossible to overcome. Meanwhile, the puppy had been alternately conveying pieces of meat that his master threw to him to his imprisoned comrade, and making attempts at various places to dig him out himself.

At last, wearied with his labours, the peasant decided to continue his task the next day. But the dauntless terrier did not appear willing to desist. For some time he had been scraping furiously beneath a tree. All at once the earth gave way before the little animal, and he disappeared from sight.

The peasant moved to the spot, when suddenly through the hole out scrambled the lost dog, followed by the gallant puppy that, after three days of desperate scraping, had, unaided, saved his comrade's life.

It appears that the older dog had followed a rabbit down a hole, and as the ground was honeycombed with holes the soil had collapsed behind the animals. Only a small exit was left—big enough for the puppy, but not for the old dog.

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That Delicious Salmi.

THE ROMANCE OF A COUNT WHO MARRIED HIS COOK.

OLD Count S—— leant back in his chair, passed the corner of a serviette across his well-trimmed moustache, and murmured: "Delicious."

Then he pressed the bell.

"Send Jeanne to me," he ordered.

Portly, smiling, and with shining face, the fair Jeanne stood before him.

"That salmi," began the Count, clearing his throat, "was the most delicious I ever tasted."

Jeanne eyed the small remnants of her handicraft deprecatingly, and murmured—monsieur was too good.

The noble Count proceeded with his eulogy until a sudden thought restrained his enthusiasm. Such praise as his must inevitably end in some reward for the fair Jeanne. And money was a commodity that the Count was wont to borrow, not to give.

A little scrap of paper, however, in his waistcoat pocket relieved him of the difficulty.

"Here is a ticket from the lottery," he said, and Jeanne beamed her gratitude.

* * *

Count S—— sat at breakfast, reading the morning paper. Such a scene as this would scarcely be worth recording had not the Count suddenly sprung to his feet and ejaculated:

"Blow the salmi." (This translation of the remark somewhat lacks force.)

For the ticket that he had bestowed on the fair Jeanne had won the half million francs prize.

"That salmi," began the Count, clearing his throat, "was the most delicious I ever tasted."

That afternoon Count S—— had arrived at one conclusion.

No doubt Jeanne was still ignorant of her good fortune. Yet to ask her to return the ticket would awaken her suspicions.

There was only one course open to him.

He must marry the girl.

So the Count became a frequent visitor to his kitchen, and soon the fair Jeanne began to feel that her daydreams would be fulfilled, and that she would one day die a Countess.

A day or two later the dream became a reality.

Count S—— offered his undying love, was promptly accepted, and, with all haste, he and Jeanne were married at the *Mairie*.

"That little lottery ticket, dear," said the Count, feeling that there was still something wanting to complete his happiness. "I should like to have it back."

Jeanne laughed bewitchingly.

"You can't, dear," she returned lightly. "For I gave it to my cousin, the coachman, when I broke off my engagement with him to marry you."

The Count staggered back.

"Gave it to your cousin . . . the coachman when you broke off . . . your engagement?" he stammered. "My dear Jeanne, do you know that the ticket is now worth half-a-million francs?"

"What is that to me, darling," murmured Jeanne, resting her head on his shoulder, "now that I am your wife . . . and a Countess!"

"What indeed!" returned the Count sadly. "But at least," he thought, "I shall save her wages!"

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He called away a boat's crew, armed with whatever weapons they could lay hands on.

"N. J."

A LIGHTHOUSE ROMANCE.

"WATLING ISLAND lighthouse flying N.J.," reported the watch on board the mail steamer bound to Kingston, Jamaica.

The senior officer turned his telescope towards the perpendicular streak on the horizon.

"Help. I am attacked," fluttered plainly the international flag-code, in the letters N.J.

The senior officer reported the occurrence to the Captain.

What did it mean? Had the blacks risen against the handful of white men that lived on the island? Was the lighthouse-keeper besieged?

N.J. clearly gave rise to the gravest fears.

"Shall the boat put back?" asked the senior officer.

The captain refused. His Majesty's mails were on board. The vessel must wait for nothing. So full steam ahead she ploughed her way to Kingston.

"N. J. from Watling light!" buzzed the excited officials at the harbour. Clearly a native uprising.

The news spread.

The keeper of Watling light and his wife were besieged in his tower. Help must be sent.

A hurried message was dispatched to Nassau, the head-quarters of the Bahamas Lighthouse Service. A few hours later a Government steamer, bearing an armed crew, made furiously towards the Watling light.

The morning following the arrival of the news, a schooner outward bound from Portland, Maine, arrived at Nassau Harbour.

"Had she news of Watling light?" inquired the excited officials. "Was N.J. still flying when the schooner passed?"

"It was," the captain of the schooner informed them. Then he told this story:

He, too, had seen the signal, and, like the captain of the mail steamer, he had instantly surmised that the natives had rebelled.

Heaving to within a mile of the lighthouse, he called away a boat's crew, armed with whatever weapons they could lay hands on.

No enemy appeared to oppose their landing on the island. Yet there, not two hundred yards from them, fluttered the dread N. J.

Leaving a few of his men to guard the boat, the Captain advanced with the rest towards the lighthouse. Not a native could they see, but each man gripped his weapon ready at any moment to meet a sudden onslaught of the enemy.

Yet nothing happened.

The lighthouse door opened, and the keeper stood beaming before them.

"Come in, my friends," he greeted. "Come in and drink with me."

"What's N. J. flying for, Jones?" inquired the Captain.

"Why, Nathaniel Jones, of course," replied the keeper with mild surprise. "Don't you know, he was born last Wednesday. He's my first youngster. Come in and drink his health!"

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An Abrupt Awakening.

THE ADVENTURE OF A POLICE INSPECTOR.

IT was the close of a hot and stifling day. Paris was given over to the *concierges* and those whose business kept them within her walls. All the world was holiday-making, and Police Inspector Foulon of the 15th Ward devoutly wished that duty did not compel him to remain at his post.

He walked slowly to his home, tired and out of temper. There was no doubt about it; the heat was beginning to tell on him.

"*Sapristi!*" he said to himself, "can it be that I am going to let a little warm weather affect my health? Absurd! I will go to bed early, and a good sleep will soon make a new man of me."

The worthy inspector reached his abode at length, and sank wearily into a chair. After supper he felt a great deal more cheerful, and, sighing contentedly, he got into bed and was soon asleep.

* * * * *

It was midnight.

Suddenly Inspector Foulon sprang like a flash from his bed. Someone had hit him across the face with a stick. With an angry exclamation he lighted a lamp and turned round prepared to deal harshly with his assailant.

The room was empty!

The inspector passed his hand across his forehead in a vague manner.

"Heavens!" he murmured, "can I have had a sunstroke, and dreamt that someone hit me?"

Greatly mystified, he again sought his couch, and extinguished the light. Not five minutes afterwards he received a second blow.

Inspector Foulon was a man of action. He rose, lit his lamp, and seized his regulation sword and revolver which lay close at hand. He was determined to avenge these insults which were being heaped upon him—on him, a member of the Paris police force!

But nothing was visible which could be either carved with the sword or shot with the revolver.

The inspector began to fear that the heat had affected his reason.

Suddenly a long, hairy arm came from beneath the bed, and he was seized by the ankle.

The next moment an orang-outang, belonging to a naturalist living on the floor above the inspector, sprang out and made for the window which, owing to the warm weather, was open.

Inspector Foulon turned the revolver on his visitor, but, his nerves being rather shaken, the shooting was poor.

The orang-outang escaped unharmed to a neighbouring roof, where it was subsequently captured.

The inspector called on the naturalist the next morning and said a few words respecting the value of a collar and chain in connection with orang-outangs possessing exploring tendencies.

The naturalist apologised profoundly, and assured Inspector Foulon that the annoyance should not be repeated. Thus, the honour of the police was vindicated.

Suddenly, a long, hairy arm came from beneath the bed, and he was seized by the ankle.

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SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

Photo *H. J. Whitlock & Sons Ltd.*

Private Joseph Bowater, who tells the story.

No. XVI.—THE OUTBREAK OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF PRIVATE JOSEPH BOWATER, OF THE CARABINEERS.

AS TOLD TO WALTER WOOD.

The appalling circumstances of the very beginning of the terrible Mutiny in India, which broke out in 1857, are retold from the story of an old campaigner who was formerly in the 6th Dragoon Guards, famous as the Carabineers. For more than twenty years Private Bowater—he refused promotion several times—served in India, and during the Mutiny he kept a diary of his thrilling experiences. His remembrance of the events which are recorded here is remarkably strong and vivid.

FROM Gravesend with my regiment I sailed to Calcutta by the long sea route; from Calcutta I and the rest of us went by "Mother Ganges"—India's sacred river—to Meerut, nearly a thousand miles away. Fresh from England, I had just settled down to army life under old John Company when the storm of the Mutiny burst. There were murmurs of it as soon as I reached Meerut, which was one of the principal stations in the country, because there had been many complaints that the British authorities were trying to degrade the caste by forcing the native troops to use cartridges which were greased with the fat of sacred or unclean animals. Secret messages had been sent from place to place in *chupattis*, which are native loaves of bread, and in lotus flowers.

Natives and Europeans were almost evenly matched at Meerut, although the advantage was with the natives. Amongst them were the 3rd Bengal Light Cavalry, the first regiment to break out into open revolt, and to set the spark to that awful flame which spread like wildfire. A troop of the 3rd was ordered to load and fire with new cartridges. Out of ninety men only five obeyed. The eighty-five were court-martialed at once, and sent to prison for five or more years. That was on Friday, May 10th, 1857. On the Saturday, the prisoners were put in irons and sent into the gaol at Meerut, and there were those of us who supposed that the mischief had been finely throttled at the very outset. How little we knew of the cunning, widespread plot which had been hatching in secret Oriental ways!

Then that Sunday came which was to sear itself on my memory as if it had been branded with a burning-iron. The morning went, taking the church parade with it; the hot, dull, lazy afternoon wore on, and the time approached for evening service. I had got through with my own worship, and the 60th Rifles were making ready for theirs, turning out with side-arms only. The officers were either preparing for church or dressing for riding or walking. There were a few ladies—officers' wives—and children, and these, too, were busy in the same way. In a word, there was peace in Meerut and a sense of security, in spite of all the ugly rumours.

Then the sleeping volcano of the rebellion burst into eruption.

There was a sudden rising of the 3rd Bengals, a rush to the horses, a swift saddling, a gallop to the gaol—which had no European guard—a breaking open of the gates, and a setting free, not only of the mutineers who had been court-martialed, but also of more than a thousand cut-throats

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and scoundrels of every sort. Simultaneously the native infantry fell upon and massacred their British officers, and butchered the women and children in a way that you cannot describe. Gaolbirds, bazaar riff-raff, and Sepoys—all the disaffected natives in Meerut—blood-mad, set about their work with diabolical cruelty, and, to crown their task, they fired every building they came across.

In the twinking of an eye, Meerut had changed from the perfect peace of a Sabbath evening to the noise and horror of a bloody field.

The British cavalry lines, where we were quartered, were some distance from the native cantonments, from which we were separated by rough and broken ground. It was over this hard country that one of the officers who had escaped from the massacre galloped up, and told us what had happened. But we already knew that something serious, something terrible, was on foot, and the colonel was even now on horseback, and had given the order to saddle, arm, and mount instantly. It had been scarcely necessary for the trumpets to sound the "Alarm."

If you remember our peaceful state, the suddenness of the rising—there is little doubt that the incident of the court-martial at Meerut had unexpectedly hastened the outbreak—you will understand that it was a work of some time and difficulty to get our squadrons ready for action. It was not a case of mere smartness for parade, but a matter of life and death, of issuing ball ammunition and doing the score-and-one important things which are necessary in making ready for battle. At least a couple of hours passed before we rode quickly out of our lines to fight the first fight of the Mutiny.

There has been, I know, harsh criticism because of what seemed to be an undue delay; but the critics have lost sight of the fact that when the Mutiny began we had not got half the horses broken in—some of them had never been saddled, even; and as for the troops, they were mostly like myself, raw lads fresh from home, dumped down in a strange country in the midst of a strange race, whose very lives and methods were deep mysteries to them.

You can imagine my feelings—fresh from England, and plunged straightway into unexpected war. The circumstances could not have been more dramatic, more terrible; for as we rode off it was dark, and the darkness was reddened with the flames that rose from burning buildings. The still Sabbath, too, had been made hideous with the noise of fighting. All was horror and confusion, and scarcely a man of us knew what to do. But, even then, just as we were going forth to begin that long campaign, there were evidences of a belief in high quarters that the rising was only local and would die as swiftly as it had been born. For instance, General Hewett, who commanded at Meerut, rode out in front of us and said: "Men, don't fire on my poor, sober Sepoys. They will come back again to-morrow and be sorry for what they have done." Yet, almost while that was being said, a handful of the officers and wives who had escaped the butchery ran breathlessly up to us, claiming our protection. Claim, indeed! There was no need to beg for that defence which every man would have given even at the cost of his life.

It was dusk, as I have said, when we rode from our lines, thinking that we should make straight for the very spot where fire and sword and musket were doing their work; but, instead of that, we turned away from the burning buildings and hurried towards the Delhi road, because already many of the mutineers were marching to that city, India's ancient capital, and the rebels' rallying ground, to join hands with their fellows. We got in amongst a few of them with our sabres, then the "Halt!" abruptly sounded, and we turned and rode back into Meerut, helped by the light of the moon, which had now risen.

We were just in time to share in the last of the struggle in Meerut itself, and to take a hand with the 60th and the Horse Artillery in saving the few Europeans who had managed to escape. All was turmoil, terror, and excitement—a blind groping after security for life and the station. Most of the mutineers were flying towards Delhi, but there remained the hordes of released prisoners, the bazaar loafers, the fanatics, and all the scoundrels who congregate in such a place at such a time. All that we could do was to shoot and sabre when we got the chance, and to gather together our poor fugitives, comfort them as best we could, mount guard over them, and take as many prisoners as we could lay our hands on.

The first thing I saw when I had time to look about at all was a sight which sickened and unmanned me then, and which has never failed to fill me with a furious grief when I have recalled it. And that was the spectacle of native bullock carts slowly coming up towards us, bearing the mangled forms of our

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gentle ladies and their little children—ladies who were laughing lightly but an hour or two ago, children who were playing at their mothers' knees as recently.

Helpless and unprotected, they had been attacked even as they were getting ready for their Christian worship, or as they were resting in the cool of evening after the heat of an Indian day. Regardless of sex, in spite of their appeals for mercy, deaf to the piteous cries of the little ones, the mutineers had done their monsters' work.

Massacre itself would have been terrible enough; but they had not been satisfied with that, for to murder they had added outrage and nameless mutilation; and not the most callous of us could gaze unmoved upon the bullock-carts which bore their burdens to the hospital. Hospital, I say; but the building was really the theatre, and—the irony of it!—that very Monday evening a tragedy was to have been performed there by some of those who were now laid out in it.

I made my little effort of salvation. I saw a child, still living, one who had managed—God alone knows how—to get away. I rushed towards her, picked her up, carried her in my arms to the hospital, and lingered for just one sorrowful moment to learn her fate. Was she also stricken mortally, like the silent forms in the bullock-carts, or were that pallor and unconsciousness the inevitable results of the terrors of the rising? I put her down and bent over her, whispering words of hope and courage.

I raised her very gently to bid her be of good cheer and remember that she was amongst friends and soldiers. Then, with a sudden load of heaviness upon my heart, I put her down again, for my little, gently-nurtured maid had passed away as I tried in my poor way to soothe her. A rebel's bullet had pierced her brain. My soul rises in anger even as I speak of it—and it is nearly fifty years ago. Still the cry for vengeance surges through me now, as fiercely as it moved me then. Remember that, and the other, nameless things, when I shall come to tell you of the judgment that we meted out to mutineers and murderers.

Many of us—and I amongst them—throughout that long, sad night went round with sword and carbine, and from all sorts of lairs we turned out looters, murderers and mutineers, some with lighted torches in their hands. Meanwhile there was incessant strife, and wherever we looked we saw the darkness pitted with musket fire, as the Europeans came across the rebels.

Morning dawned at last—and what a mournful morning it was! What sights the day revealed, which it would have been a mercy for the darkness to hide for ever! Wherever we looked there was the same scene of blood and devastation. Meerut was a mass of smouldering ruins, and here and there, in the *débris* where they had met a nameless death, or in the open where they had been pitilessly slaughtered as they fled for refuge, were the corpses of men, women, and children.

There, where he had rushed out and implored his Sepoys to be loyal to their Queen, I saw the body of Colonel Finnis, commanding the 11th Native Infantry, riddled with a score of bullets; there, struck down and cut to pieces as she tried to fly towards the European lines, I came across the wife of another officer of the same regiment; but, worse still, in another spot I beheld all that was left of the wife of the adjutant, who, before she was shot and cut to pieces, had had her clothes set on fire by men who were no longer human. And here and there I saw the still forms of little children.

Even in times of greatest horror there is found some gleam of comfort, some slender cause for joy. We found it on that fatal morning—and in a quarter, too, where, remembering how solidly banded the natives were against us, we might not have expected it, though, to be sure—and thank God for it—we found it.

Some of the *ayahs*, had risked their lives for their charges, and to do that they had combined the love of a woman with the craft of an Oriental. They had circumvented even the cunning of the mutineers, and, because of what they did, a few at least of the little ones were alive and well when day broke. Resourcefulness and courage had preserved a handful of Europeans as well, for by hiding in gardens or obscure corners, and even by swiftly disguising themselves as natives, they had survived the outbreak, and saved themselves until they could steal or rush to safety to our camps of refuge.

Upon the incidents of that heartbreaking morning I need not dwell—you can imagine them for yourself. Terrible though they were they were only the forerunners of thousands more before the Mutiny was crushed. We had to bestir ourselves in many ways—to protect the living and bury the dead. That last gloomy task was done without delay. Those who had been massacred were interred by the chaplain, and afterwards the other bodies, as they were discovered, were buried.

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I grasped a long, naked, oiled body—a knife-armed mutineer, who was wriggling up . . . to hamstring my horse.

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Peace of a sort fell upon Meerut again. The bulk of the mutineers were already at Delhi—they had made a hard forced march in the night, the cavalry helping the infantry —and we did not for the present follow them. But we strengthened Meerut, a few of the disaffected natives returned to their allegiance, and we had as reinforcements about a thousand Ghoorkas. Other companies of natives were ordered to Meerut, but they mutinied, murdered their commanding officer as soon as they arrived, and set off for Delhi. We were wide awake by that time, though, and we followed and killed or captured most of them.

Those of the mutineers who had not gone to Delhi set themselves to work with all the cunning of the native to annihilate us. First they tried to lure us into surrender, with the promise of safe conduct to the coast, so that we could sail for England. We laughed at their proposal, and kept them at bay with the report we spread that Meerut was undermined, and that at the first sign of their advance we would blow it up. This drove a good many of them away, but those who were left tried to bribe our water carriers to poison the wells, which were our only source of supply. But, keen as we were in this direction, we lost sixteen poor fellows by poisoned water, and only stopped the diabolical mischief when we placed sentries over the wells.

Plots to destroy us sprang up ceaselessly. No sooner was one defeated than another replaced it, and just when we thought that we were able to rest from the attempts to poison us, we discovered another scheme of mischief. This was not against us human beings, but against our horses.

The mutineers resolved to steal down amongst us in the dead of the night and hamstring the poor creatures; then, indeed, we might have said farewell to safety. We heard of the plot—we managed to learn most of their intentions—and we prepared for them. We removed our native grooms—the *syces*—and kept watch over the horses ourselves. It was a thrilling bit of work, I can tell you, and made a tremendous demand on our pluck and courage. It seemed, indeed, as if we had not men but devils to deal with, for the mutineers came up literally like snakes—and in the dead of night, too.

Put yourself in our shoes for a little while, transport yourself to that gloomy station, with its unnumbered horrors, and you will understand why we jumped nearly out of our skins at every sound. We were not veterans, mind you, but raw recruits.

There was on one particular night a strange noise near me, a stealthy something which I could not understand, a noise which was not walking, nor crawling, nor running; but a wriggling or gliding over the ground towards me and my precious horse. In spite of myself I shivered and trembled, just as a man will who is afraid of ghosts, although he does not believe in them. The sound came nearer, it was at my very feet. I fell upon the thing, which I could hear but could not see—and instantly I grasped a long, naked, oiled body—a knife-armed mutineer, who was wriggling up like a serpent to hamstring my horse. I closed with him, and furiously tried to hold him; but he slipped through my hands as easily as a greased pole. He was almost free, nearly on his feet and away, leaving his knife behind. But my blood was up; I made a last effort. I gripped the sliding shins, brought him up by the ankles, and——

Well, some of them were dealt with on the spot, and some were taken to the gallows or the gun.

Those were the days of strong men, strong measures, and swift and stern retaliation. A terrible evil had arisen, and only desperate remedies, ruthless retribution, could cure it. The remedies were promptly found—or some, at any rate, and the chief and most awful of these was death itself. Circumstances needed stern examples, and steps were taken to carry out the judgments of the courts-martial on the prisoners in a way that should leave a lasting memory.

There were two methods of inflicting death —the gallows and the gun; and it was in keeping with things that these means should be in fullest operation at the very beginning of the Mutiny, and on the spot where the Mutiny had started. So at Meerut, on a piece of rising ground, which we came to know as Gallows Hill, we built a big wooden structure. It was a thing with which both Europeans and natives became familiar enough in India while the Mutiny lasted.

The scaffold was a simple enough contrivance. A number of broad stairs led up to the floor, which was laid on upright timbers at the corners; above the floor, or drop, was the beam, which in our case was made to hang six men. And the mutineers were executed six at a time, day after day, for many days, by the troops in turn, so that we all had a hand in the work. The prisoners were bound and blindfolded, led up the steps, and arranged on the drop. Those of us who fixed the ropes round their necks,

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pulled the bolts, and the drops fell, the whole of the bodies remaining in sight, as the bottom of the scaffold was open. The custom was to draw the bolts at six o'clock in the morning, and leave the silent forms suspended until six o'clock at night.

This was the death that was dealt out to the mutineers who might be called civilians. For those who were soldiers, and had been false to their oaths, a more imposing doom was chosen. This was the blowing from the guns of the artillery. Awful as the hanging was, it was not and could not be so dreadful as the other form of punishment. To add to its terrors the mutineers were blown away a score at a time—for we had many prisoners, and I remember that once we had five hundred awaiting execution.

Those who were doomed to the guns were stripped to the waist; then each was bound to the muzzle, which was at the small of the back, and their arms were fastened to the wheels on each side. There they were bound —twenty guns behind, twenty mutineers in front, with the port-fires burning in the gunners' hands. Then, when the word of command was given, there was a simultaneous crash, and a dense cloud of stifling smoke in which the forms or limbs could be often seen—though, as a rule, the trunks remained with the guns. But appalling though the death was, yet it was mercifully swift and sure.

But I must not surfeit you with horrors. Let me turn from these gloomy subjects for a moment or two to the lighter side of the Mutiny—for there is no war which has not its humours—before I take you from Meerut to Delhi. You will recollect that I was speaking of our faithless friends, the 3rd Bengal Light Cavalry, who started the Mutiny. Well, as they were mounted, and we were mounted, we naturally had a deep mutual interest, not to say fascination.

In those days the two of us were posted not far away from each other, some of the 3rd still making a pretence of loyalty even when their comrades had mutinied. We trusted them as far as we could see them, which, in truth, was no great distance. We were constantly on the watch to get more than level with them; but they were as artful as the Evil One, and it seemed as if a chance would never come to us. We wanted to cripple them as much as possible at the least cost.

But how? Not by charging down upon them, or by inciting them to attack us, but by strategy or craft, whatever you like to call it. And some genius amongst us hit upon a proper way to do it, too, for we managed to get the 3rd lured on to a hurried dismounted parade by raising a false alarm: and as soon as they had tumbled out and formed up, we swooped down on their horses and brought them triumphantly away. Not much of the clash of arms about a trick like that, perhaps, but it was a brilliant little success, because just in proportion as the 3rd were weakened by the loss of their horses, so we were strengthened by their acquisition. And we wanted horses badly.

There was another little incident which had its humour—and remember that the humour of war differs greatly from that of peace. I am anticipating a little; but when we were outside Delhi we were suddenly rushed by the 9th Native Lancers. Everything was in their favour, because they managed to bring about a perfect stampede in our camp. There was plenty of scattering and commotion as the result of their performance; yet when the raid was over, and the 9th had got away faster than they came, we found that the only casualty to their credit was an old native woman, who was grinding "gram," for our horses.

She was killed, poor old soul, but I am afraid that our chief feeling was one of amusement. You find it hard to credit that, maybe; but there were many things of the same kind which, however grim in themselves, had the reverse of depressing our spirits in the Mutiny. I will mention a case that was a good deal noticed at the time, although I did not myself see it. I have spoken of the Ghoorkas—terrible little bloodthirsty fellows they were, and are, glorious fighters and splendid allies, so long as they are kept in their right places. Well, their weapon then, as it is now, was the dreaded *khookri*, that big, curved knife which will slice off a limb as easily as you can slice a turnip with your sabre.

There had been a fight in a village, and the usual routing of mutineers from all sorts of nooks and corners in mud huts and other buildings. One hut was passed by a couple of our infantrymen, and as they were going away a mutineer who had been hiding in a dark corner and had escaped unseen, thrust his head out of the window, which was only a few feet above the pavement. He was too much interested in chuckling and watching the men depart to turn his head, or he would have seen that two other infantryman and a Ghoorka were just round the corner by the window. Like a flash the Ghoorka sprang silently forward, seized the mutineer by the

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hair, whipped out his *khookri*, and literally, before the victim knew what was happening, his head had been slashed off. And—such is war's perverted humour—the two infantrymen were so intensely tickled by the performance that it was ten minutes before they could stop laughing enough to handle their muskets and march off to rejoin their comrades.

Let us get before Delhi.

We held Meerut for three weeks, until all was quiet and we were masters there. Then two squadrons left for the siege of the ancient capital of India, a splendid city of vast riches, seven miles in circumference, guarded by strong walls with nine gates. These were on the three land sides, the fourth side being protected by the Jumna. It was to this great fortress that the mutineers had fled from Meerut.

Then the Mutiny spread, and the few Europeans in the city were massacred just as barbarously as their fellow-creatures in Meerut.

Well, there came at length the great day when we finally assaulted and captured Delhi.

Silently, without so much as a bugle or a trumpet sound, our troops were mustered soon after midnight. They bided their time till daybreak; then there was a desperate and prolonged attack, the blowing up of the Cashmere Gate, which had been long in preparation for explosion, the rushing in of our victorious and revengeful infantry, and the following of the cavalry to crown the work of capture and retaliation.

Delhi was ours at last, at heavy cost, and into our hands had fallen the Eastern potentate who had been proclaimed king, with his palace, his wives, his eunuchs, and all his belongings.

There was amongst us, outside Delhi, an officer who had won the love of his soldiers as thoroughly as he had awed the mutineers, a man whose daring courage made him famous even in that band of heroes which the Mutiny gave England, a man whose very name was worshiped by the troops.

This was Major Hodson, of Hodson's Horse.

It was Hodson who dashed into the Royal palace and secured the surrender of the king, who was a very old man, and his favourite wife. That in itself was a marvelous performance, for the ex-monarch was still surrounded by many of the mutineers; yet it was tame compared with what Hodson did afterwards—an act which gave rise to many bitter criticisms.

The King was spared—I was one of his escort when he was banished from India—because Hodson had his orders on the point; but there were two sons and a nephew of the King who had been the chief movers in the massacre of women and children in Delhi four months before. They had fled from the city and taken refuge in an enormous royal tomb six miles away. First thing next morning Hodson, accompanied only by his second in command and a hundred faithful Sikhs, rode hard towards the tomb.

When he reached it he found that in and about it were five or six thousand of the mutineers who were quite ready to defend the princes against two white officers and a hundred sowars. Undaunted, Hodson sent a messenger to demand the unconditional surrender of the princes, and at last, unwillingly enough, they came out in a bullock cart, believing that as the King had been spared their lives would be preserved.

Hodson promptly made them prisoners, then actually returned to the huge tomb and commanded the mutineers to lay down their arms, swearing that he would shoot the first man that moved!

There was perfect silence, and such was his wondrous power over Asiatics that it acted like a spell upon them and they obeyed. For two hours he and his second and four men collected the arms of about three thousand; then, and not till then, did he leave the tomb and overtake the princes, who were by this time about a mile away, slowly going back to Delhi.

What happened then was as dramatic as it was unexpected. Hodson halted his troop, told them that the princes were the men who had originated the rebellion and given orders for the European women and children to be foully butchered, and that he had determined that they should die. He ordered them to get down from the cart and strip to the waist. Then, as they remounted and huddled in the vehicle, he shot them dead with his own carbine.

After that he took the bodies into Delhi and ordered them to be placed side by side in the most public street, and there I saw them on the very spot where they had done the deeds for which they suffered death.

That was Hodson's way of teaching retribution.

Terrible punishments you say, all these that I have named?

Yes; but remember what the crimes had been.

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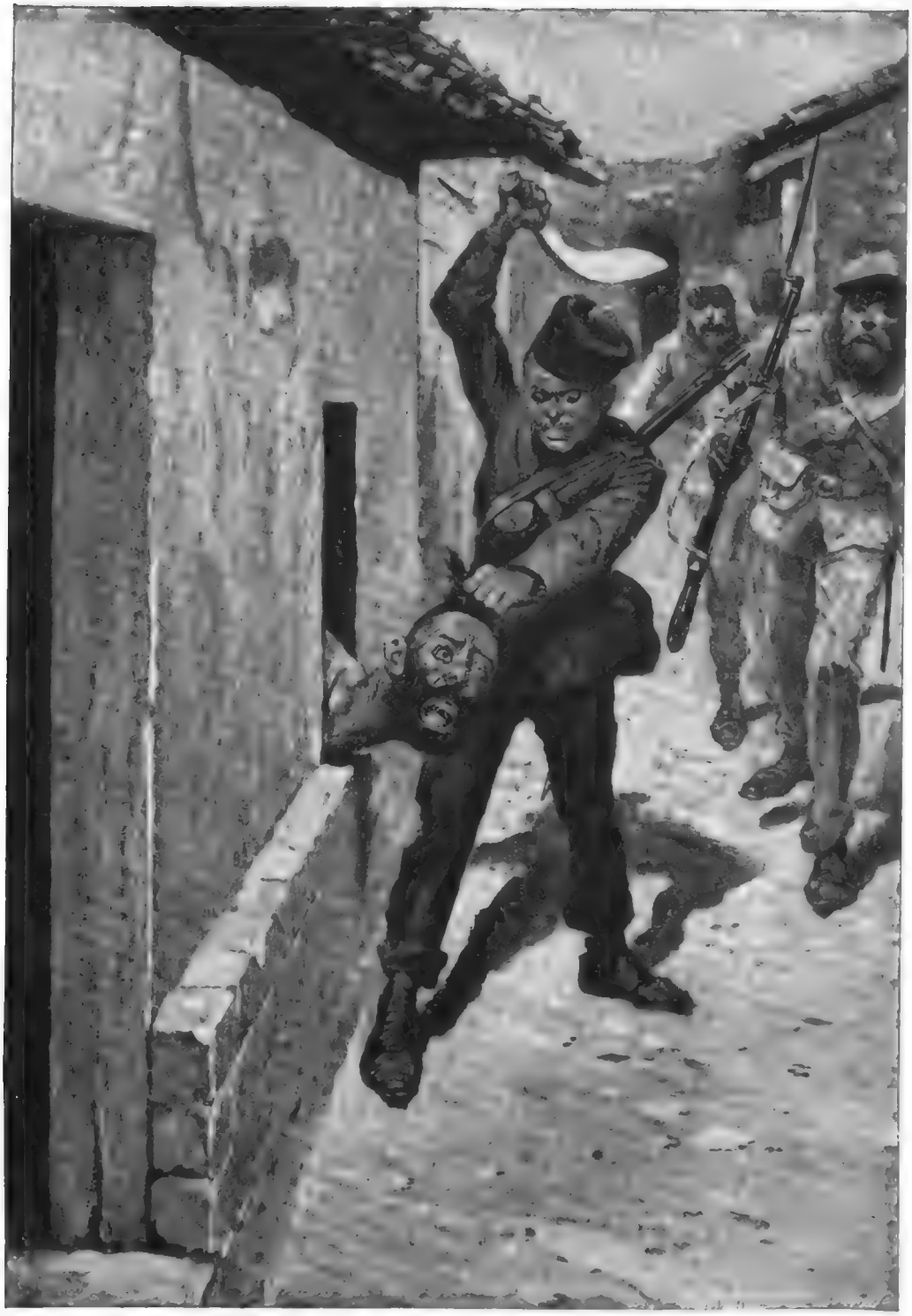

Like a flash the Ghoorkha . . . seized the mutineer by the hair, whipped out his *khookri*, and literally, before the victim knew what was happening, his head had been slashed off.

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A CAT'S DIARY

Describing a Day in Its Life

By Jessie Pope.

7.45.—Awakened from snooze on footstool by violent entrance of Sarah, the housemaid—*overlaid* herself as usual. Stare steadfastly at her and wash my face, in the hope that she will take the hint. However, she only goes on throwing the furniture about, and finally, falling over footstool, slings me out of room with unnecessary violence.

8.0.—Walk slowly down kitchen stairs to see if milkman has been. Mice have evidently had a picnic in the night—place reeks of them—but am drawn forward by even more glorious fragrance issuing from scullery.

8.5.—Discover cook—also disheveled—preparing bloaters for kitchen breakfast. Contrive to annex and retire with one under sink, but after being forced to surrender my prize without even getting a taste, am assisted by cook through scullery door into garden. What a large, nobbly foot that woman has!

8.15.—Sun shining, so forget injuries and climb on shed roof by way of water-butt and clothes-prop.

8.20.—Wash all over, paying particular attention to far-away parts of me. Become suddenly aware of small chirps, and perceive fallen fledgling behind laurel bush in next-door garden.

8.30.—Hasten to its assistance, and pilot it round the lawn—find I can dribble equally well with both paws—rather an achievement. Fledgling displays marvellous energy, but gets a bit beyond itself, and me, occasionally, when I inflict slight chastisement. In the enjoyment of the sport, fail to notice sound of window stealthily opening till am conscious of sharp click and sudden concussion in my immediate vicinity.

8.40.—Retire in disorder over wall to my own garden. It's that new tenant next door with his air-gun again. Demon! He's old enough to know better. He'll hit me one of these days!

8.50.—Skulk behind flowerpots—out of range but cobwebby.

8.55.—Butterfly—evidently in pay of elderly demon next door—tries to lure me into open by fluttering about just overhead. Thanks; I'm not taking any. Feign sleep.

9.10.—Hear voice from our French window calling "Titi—putsie!" "Sweet-skins!" "Precious pops!" "Tabby treasure!" Recognise my mistress' voice and two or three of my double-barreled names, and hasten to her in anticipation of something tasty for breakfast.

9.13.—Fearful frost—only wants to kiss me—half strangled with caresses. Submit reluctantly—must take the rough with the smooth, I suppose—but can't gush on an empty stomach myself. My

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mistress is what they call an old maid; but, in spite of that, she has a very comfortable lap, and we have many tastes in common—both prefer birds to children, for instance, though in the case of the former, I find a cage a ridiculous bar to intimacy.

9.20.—Sit on mistress' knee and inspect breakfast table—bacon, poached eggs, mushrooms, toast, and marmalade—absolutely nothing I can fancy. Nice prospect for me!

9.25.—Attempt to sneak off downstairs in search of fishy fragrance, but am hauled back by mistress, who calls me a greedy little animal, and says she'll send me to the Cats' Home if I fidget.

9.30.—Smooth matters over by tremendous display of affection, and slip downstairs next time Sarah answers the bell. She tells mistress she thinks "new tenant next door must be a military gent." I am inclined to agree with her, from the quality of his shooting.

9.35.—Find kitchen breakfast cleared away, but manage to extract a few tasty bits from dustbin.

9.50.—Retire to shed roof and wash. Am busy with off hind leg, when suddenly remember fledgling — postpone toilet, and drop over wall.

10.0.—Find Tortoiseshell Tom (my second cousin) crouched beneath the laurel bushes, licking his lips over a few remaining feathers. Gluttonous old stray! Tell him so.

10.5.—He responds in similar strain. We sit down and glare at each other without further remark.

10.40.—He suddenly ejaculates: "Call me another!" I comply. He backs two paces, and sits down. I advance same distance.

10.50.—Glare.

11.0.—Tortoiseshell Tom withdraws his gaze and begins to wash (knew he was longing to after his meal). I spring and roll him over among the strawberries.

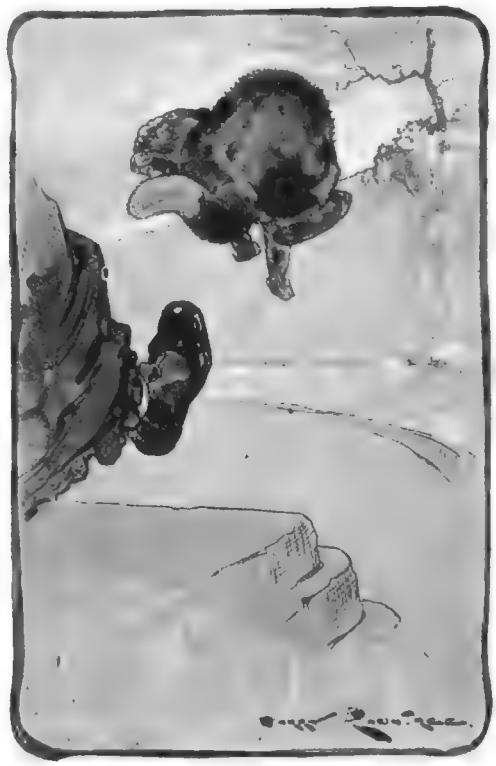
11.5.—Air heavy with language and fur. By some unfortunate accident I get underneath and am unable to reverse positions.

11.10.—Sharp click, and Tortoiseshell Tom springs three yards in the air, and disappears over right-hand wall, I over left. Elderly demon again. Clear case of intervention of Providence this time!

11.30.—Return to shed roof, and wash all over three times. Catch a glimpse of elderly demon strolling down road; at the same time perceive before-breakfast butterfly in next garden.

11.40.—Stalk her across strawberries, over wall, and finally pull her down in cabbage patch four gardens away—poor flavour, but fine run.

12.0.—Returning, find comfortable box of seedlings just planted out by elderly demon next door. Settle down to sleep on them after three revolutions.



Am assisted by cook through scullery door into garden.

12.45.—Am awakened by our black kitten (my grandchild, by the way), who says: "Shall I tell you where the cold salmon is kept?" Trying to teach her grandmother as usual; however, I profess ignorance. "On the top pantry shelf," says kitten. I profess incredulity. "I'll show you," says kitten.

12.55.—Repair to place in question. I suggest grandchild should get on shelf and prove its words. Kitten obeys, but

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Cook makes a disgusting exhibition of herself . . gasping out I ought to go to Barnum's.

unfortunately (for itself) knocks down plate of salmon on floor.

1.0.—Secure salmon, and retire through window as cook enters door. In a great rage she locks kitten in coal-cellar and threatens to strangle every cat in the place.

1.15.—Salmon good, but not up to last lot. Have a refreshing wash on mistress' knees and listen sedately while cook gives full account of kitten's delinquencies. Mistress much annoyed, and says we must find a good home for the horrid little thief. Praises me for being such a dear good, honest, pussy.

1.30.—Purr loudly.

1.35.—Take up position on mistress' knitting, while she has lunch, adjusting the needles to my comfort. Get a sound cuff on the head for my pains. Queer creatures, women; never know how to take them.

2.30.—Avoid mistress' blandishments after lunch, when she sits under chestnut tree in garden, and seems anxious for my company. Crouch on the wall and turn my back to her, dropping down the other side when she tries to catch hold of my tail.

2.40.—Become intensely interested in the movements of a strange and highly-impertinent insect I find in the grass beneath me. Have a nice, quiet game with it, pretending I'm Cook and it's me. Insect wants to shirk its part at once, and becomes disheveled and angry. Grow annoyed myself at its want of initiative, and snap at its yellow-striped body.

2.55.—Conscious of sharp pain in upper lip. Evidently keeps its claws in its tail—the brute!

3.0.—Pain increases alarmingly; so does lip.

Am once more surprised and shocked by sharp concussion on side of box.

3.5.—Mew wildly, and return to mistress for comfort.

3.10.—Mistress bursts out laughing, and calls Cook. Cook makes a disgusting exhibition of herself, swaying about and bursting her few remaining buttons, gasping out I ought to go to Barnum's.

3.20.—Hate them both, and try to scratch their faces as they put some filthy stuff in my mouth. Wrench away from them and fly over garden wall, followed by sneers of grandchild, who watches proceedings from cellar window.

3.40.—Pain easier, and cheek a less

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Air heavy with language and fur.

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obtrusive feature on the landscape. Curl round in box of seedlings and sink into troubled slumber, but impossible to keep weather-eye open owing to cheek.

4.0.—Am once more surprised and shocked by sharp concussion on side of box—fly like a streak for cover of garden roller. Elderly gentleman with air-gun in hand comes down the garden path at the same moment as mistress, standing on a chair, pops her red and wrathful face over the wall. "Now, then, who shot my cat?" she says.

Gentleman smiles. "I didn't know it was your cat," he says, "and I'm quite sure I didn't hit it."

"You've practised enough, anyhow," says mistress. "This is the third time to-day you've tried to kill that dear, little inoffensive creature who wouldn't hurt a fly." (Wouldn't I?—only give me a chance, with somebody to hold its tail!)

"He was killing a bird the first time," says the old gentleman, "a cat the second, and my seedlings the third."

"I'm willing to pay for any damage," replies mistress scornfully; "but if you are going to take the law into your hands like this you'll find we're but indifferent neighbours."

"The moment my presence is distasteful to you, I'll go to the other side of the world, as I did thirty years ago, Lucy," says he.

At this mistress gives a start and goes white as death. "Why, *Edward!*" she gasps, with all the temper gone out of her voice.

"You know me again after all these years?" says he. "I knew you at once—in fact I came to find you, Lucy, and to tell you I was in the wrong."

"It was all my fault," says mistress very low. "I was mad!"

"So was I," says he, "but I've paid for it."

4.30.—Follow mistress back into the house and watch her put on her silk dress and lace ruffles. Sit on her lap in spite of it being her best dress, but she doesn't seem to notice me—too interested in some old photographs. "Hasn't altered a bit," says she to herself. (Doesn't say much for him thirty years ago.)

5.0.—Still ignored, get on table at tea-time and help myself to cream out of the jug with my paw. Nice hand-to-mouth existence this.

5.40—Door opens—Sarah brings card on salver and ushers in elderly demon from next door—creep under couch, first cover I can find. Sleep, lulled by continual flow of conversation.

7.55.—Wake as elderly demon rises to go. Hear mistress say: "Well, you'll find me easier to manage now, Edward. I've got none of my old temper left." (Hasn't she, my word!)

8.30.—Eat the biggest supper I ever had in my life, by mistress' special orders—in fact, I willingly share what I don't want with kitten, liberated in consequence of general rejoicings.

9.0.—Sit on footstool and prepare toilet for the night, my actions followed by kitten's admiring glances. "Look here, young cat," I remark, "we've got to mind our P's and Q's in future, for I believe mistress is going to make a match of it with the elderly demon next door. "Never mind," says kitten, "don't fret. I'll look after you." "Very well, then," I reply with a grin, "you can start at once. Keep your eye on the mouse hole and don't disturb me till absolutely necessary. I've had a very bothering day."

9.10.—With that I tuck my nose in my tail and fall asleep.

A MODERN REQUIREMENT.

By every doctor it is known,
So people tell to me,
That 65 per cent. of bone
The perfect man should be.

But if success you wish to seek,
I venture to suggest
That 65 per cent. of cheek
Would be by far the best.

C. V.

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PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

All Readers are Asked to submit Photographs Suitable for Use in this Feature.

Liberal Payment is Made for Accepted Pictures.

Photographs should be Accompanied by a Short Description of the Subject Illustrated.

A USEFUL CLOCK.

THE STRUTT RADIUM TIMEKEEPER.

THIS wonderful timekeeper consists of a small glass tube in which is about one-twelfth of a grain of radium, supported in a glass vessel, from which the air has been exhausted, by a rod of quartz. At the lower end of this tube is an electroscope whose leaves are of aluminium. These leaves, under the action of the radium, move apart and touch the sides of the glass at intervals of one minute.

Once set in motion, the instrument requires no attention, and as a timekeeper is absolutely exact.

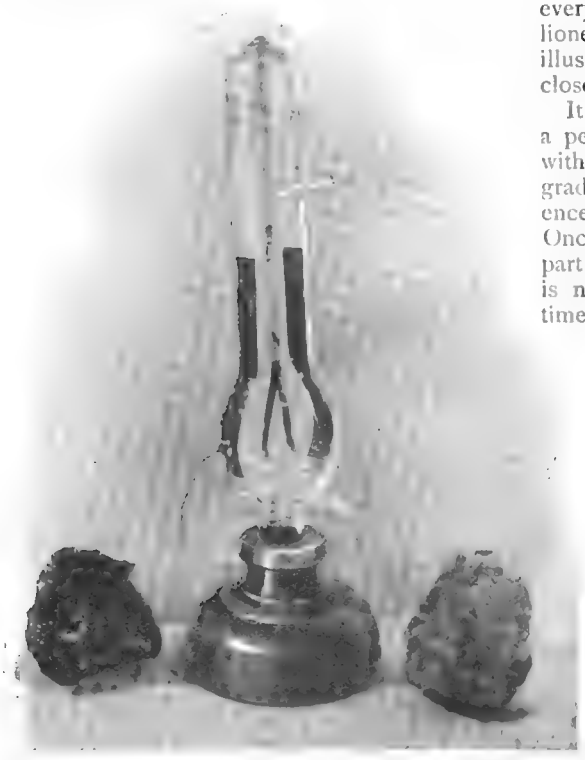

Photo *Scientific American.*

The Strutt radium clock, which it is calculated will go continuously for twenty thousand years.

The trainer is in the act of placing his head within a lioness' mouth.

A TRYING ORDEAL.

TRAINER'S THRILLING FEAT.

THE life of a wild-beast tamer, like the lot of a policeman, is not a happy one. There was once a tamer named Batty, who used at every performance to place his head in a lioness' mouth, as he is seen doing in the illustration above. One night the lioness closed its jaws.

It takes years of patient training to make a performing lion. The trainer must begin with his animal while it is young, and gradually accustom it to obey him. Obedience must be obtained always, at any cost. Once let a lion or tiger refuse to go through part of its performance and the trainer's life is not worth a minute's purchase the next time he enters the cage with the object of performing.

The trainer must always dominate his animals, and must never let them get the idea that they can hurt him.

Hermann Weedon, a trainer, went one morning, as usual, to caress a bear, named Doc. He was outside the cage, and was about to enter, when Doc, pleased to see his trainer, pushed his paw through the cage, and drew Weedon towards him.

The trainer had his face lacerated. He went in and said nothing, but stroked Doc as usual.

It was mere clumsiness on the bear's part, and any sign of fear would have meant death for the trainer.

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SNAIL CULTURE.

How Snails are Bred for the Table.

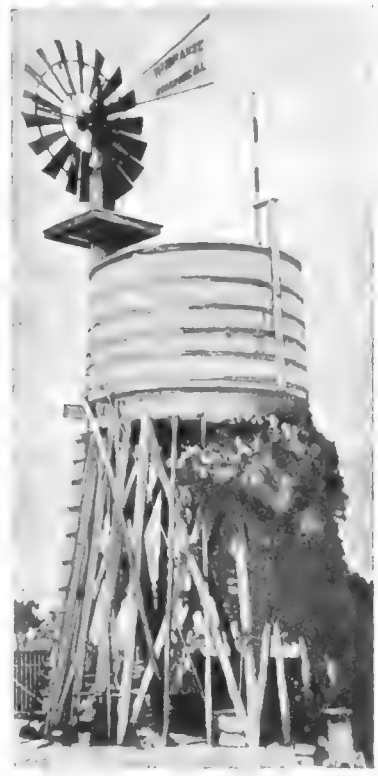
There exists at Los Angeles, California, what is said to be the only establishment in the United States for breeding edible snails. It belongs to M. Pernot, who hails from France, where snail-raising is quite an industry.

The pens of the snails are built under a large windmill tank, where water is plentiful.

Several long boxes, two feet wide and six inches in height, are arranged about an open space, and the tops, which are hinged, are covered with wire netting. Inside the boxes are lengths of drain pipe, in and upon which the snails cling in large numbers, and in all stages of development.

The snail's eggs are very small, and white-grey in colour. They are laid in May and June, and, during these months, large numbers of snails gather in sunny places. When about to lay, the creatures burrow into the damp earth, where they find shelter from the sun, and deposit from thirty to fifty eggs. In most cases, the young snail gnaws its way through its shell in twenty or thirty days. The snails are liveliest in the morning, when they come out in myriads to receive a bath from a garden hose, and feast on the cabbage, lettuce, and grape-vine leaves, which form their diet.

Those bred at the Californian establishment vary in size from that of a pin-head when hatched to that of a shilling when full grown. The shell is of a rich brown colour. The snail itself is translucent, and of a light brown shade.



By permission of *New York Herald.*
The pens of the snailery are built under a windmill tank, where water is plentiful.

To prepare them for food, the snails are kept for three or four weeks in wine-soaked bran, where they fatten rapidly, and are freed from all superfluous and slimy matter.

If this preparation be impossible the snails are taken from their shells, and washed many times in salt and water, or salt and vinegar. They are then placed in stewpans, and cooked in salt and water or milk.

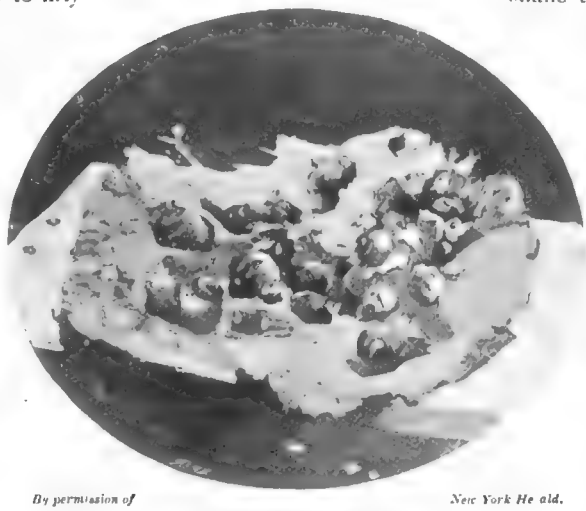
Another method is to boil them, shells and all, with herbs and cloves until they fall from their shells. The shells are then scrubbed, and a paste is made of parsley, butter, breadcrumbs, and white wine. The meat is replaced with this paste in the shells, and the whole browned in a hot oven.

Usually, however, the snails are fried in a pan, and taste not unlike a mussel.

Forty or fifty constitute a meal for a hearty eater.

In addition to their food value, snails are supposed to have a beneficial effect in cases of lung trouble.

A foolish prejudice against eating snails is often encountered, though why against snails more than periwinkles it is difficult to say.



By permission of *New York Herald.*
A group of snails feeding on a cabbage leaf.

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A real log cabin. It is made from a huge Californian sequoia tree, hollowed out by fire.

A REAL LOG CABIN.

THE term, "log cabin," usually conveys to the average person the idea of some building akin to the huts inhabited by platelayers when, during foggy weather, they are engaged in placing fog signals on the rails.

The technical definition of a log cabin is "a habitation built of logs which have not been squared, but are in their natural state, with the bark on."

The log cabin in question is really a cabin in a log—the "log" being the trunk of a huge sequoia tree. The public has been made familiar with these trees through the medium of advertisements for Californian wines. When a naturalist named Mr. John Muir was travelling in the basin of the Kaweah River, in South California, he came across a certain Ralph Hopping. This individual was not engaged in saltatory exercises, as one would suppose, but was herding horses.

Being asked by Mr. Muir for the loan of some flour, Ralph Hopping directed him to his log dwelling, and told him to make himself at home there.

The naturalist did so, and subsequently described Mr. Hopping's abode as "A spacious log-house of one log, carbon-lined, centuries old, yet sweet and weather-proof, likely to outlast the most durable stone castle."

The log had been hollowed out by fire, and thus merited the description, "carbon-lined."

It formed a most convenient and comfortable ready-made home.

A ROCKERY OF TOMBSTONES.

THE cry of the Londoner is always for more open spaces, more parks, more playgrounds for the children of the great city's poorer members. Recently, in order to provide a playground for the neighbouring juveniles, old St. Pancras Churchyard was converted into a species of recreation-ground.

The place formerly tenanted by the remains of deceased citizens of St. Pancras now rings with the merry laughter of their descendants.

It was decided to form an ornamental rockery with the superannuated monuments. The work has been very tastefully carried out, and the eye of the stranger and sojourner dwells approvingly on this little rockery, composed of tombstones once the pride of the local monumental mason.

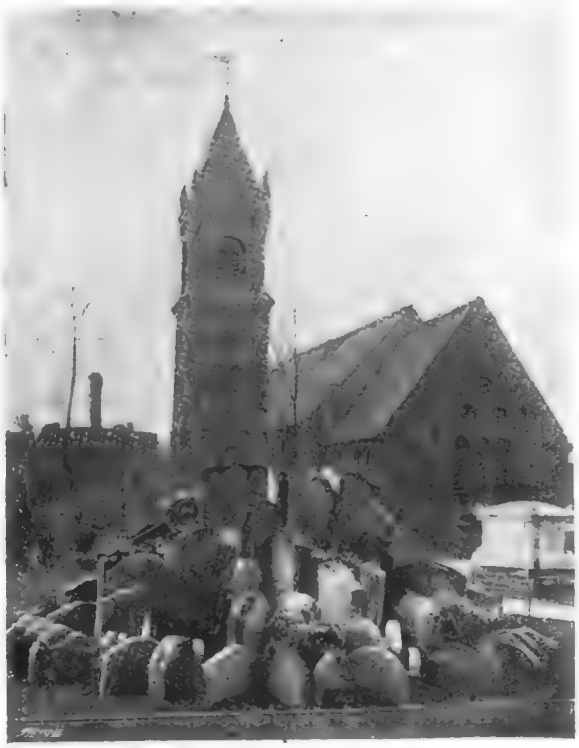

Photo *Advance Photo Agency.*

Old St. Pancras Churchyard has recently been turned into a playground, and a pretty ockery has been formed from the tombstones.

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Photo *C. H. Park.*

It is not always safe to go near swans, as they are very fierce at times. There is only one way to handle them safely, namely—

HOW SWANS ARE MARKED.

A Quaint Custom.

According to the English law, swans are Royal birds, and when they are found in a semi-wild condition, either on the sea or on navigable rivers, they are regarded as Crown property.

The common swan is about five feet long, measured from bill to tail, and weighs some thirty pounds. Tradition has it that the bird was first brought to England by Richard I. from the island of Cyprus, but the species is very cosmopolitan, and specimens are found in a wild state both in Europe and Asia.

They live to the age of about fifty years, and present a very beautiful appearance when swimming. They seldom appear nowadays on the menu of a banquet, but at one time they were always served at feasts, and ancient cookery books devote much space to directions for preparing and cooking them.

The prerogative of keeping swans belongs, in England, to the Crown, but the right to keep them may be conferred on a subject. Birds belonging to the King are all marked with the Royal swan-mark, or "nick," which distinguishes each Royal swan.

Every year the King's swan-herd, who was once a great dignitary, and held a position of much importance, sets out on a tour round the rivers and waterways to mark all the cygnets with the Royal mark.

This is no light task. The parent birds are usually fierce, and resent the intrusion of the swan-herd and his assistants with great vigour.

The men, however, keep whole skins by seizing the swans by the wings. Strangely enough, the birds are rendered completely helpless as soon as this is done.

The cygnets are rounded up by men in boats, and each is branded with the King's mark. When this has been done once, the mark remains as long as the bird lives.

A subject has no right to a swan-mark unless he have a qualification of land, and a grant from the Crown.

Anyone, however, may keep tame swans in his grounds, which are his own property, and cannot be claimed by the Crown.

The penalty for stealing or destroying swans' eggs is five shillings for each egg. This sum goes to the Crown.

Anyone who steals a tame swan, or a bird bearing the Royal swan-mark has, in the eyes of the law, committed a felony.

The largest and most famous British swannery is situated at Abbotsbury, in Dorsetshire, some little distance from Weymouth. Its glory has departed now, for though it once possessed six or seven thousand birds, barely one thousand exist at present.

The King's swanherd is Mr. T. R. Abnett.

He it is who cuts the royal diamond mark upon the upper mandible of each of His Majesty's swans. It would often go hard with Mr. Abnett if a couple of his assistants were not at hand to hold down the birds while they are operated on. As a matter of fact, they soon regain composure when liberated.

Photo *C. H. Park.*

—to take hold of them by the wings. This simple precaution renders them quite harmless.

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The cyclist section at the Sporting Congress held under the auspices of the Pope. A 1000 kilometres cycling course was one of the events—no slight undertaking even for seasoned riders.

THE VATICAN SPORTS.

A Congress of Athletes Receive the Papal Blessing.

There was held recently at the Vatican, under the auspices of His Holiness Pope Pius X., the first Italian Catholic Sporting Congress.

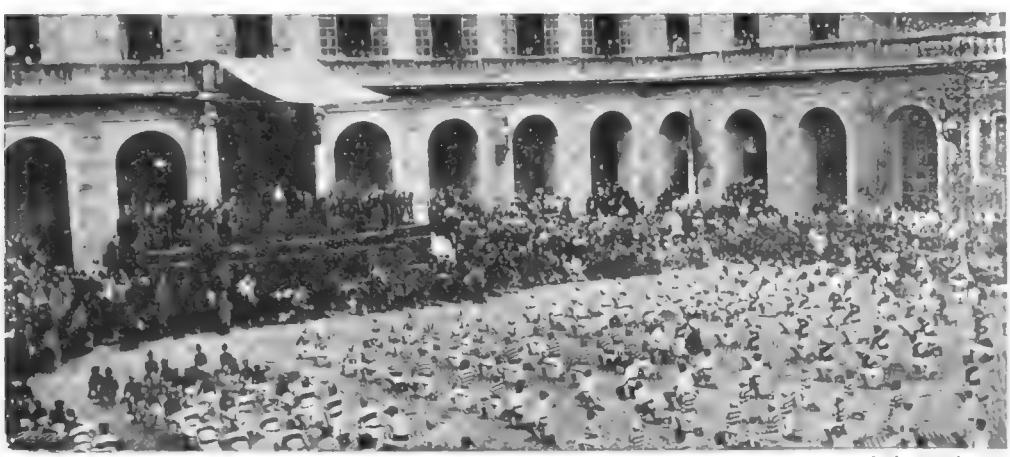
Some twenty-six clubs from the North and Central Provinces were represented at the Congress, and each sent a team of from six to a dozen members.

These teams performed various gymnastic exercises and military evolutions, acquitting themselves very creditably, and His Holiness expressed great satisfaction, at the conclusion of the display.

The spacious Belvidere Courtyard of the Vatican was the scene of the Congress, which was witnessed by the whole of the Papal Court. On a large raised daïs at one end were the Holy Father and his Court, together with a body of Palatine Guards and *gendarmes*.

The military uniforms, the costumes of the ecclesiastical dignitaries, and the vari-coloured garments of the gymnasts, all contrasted strongly. The sports lasted several days, and included a 1000 kilometres cycling course gymnastic, walking, and cavalry competitions. They terminated with a gymnastic display.

At the conclusion of the Congress, the Pontifical hymn was sung amid great enthusiasm. The display encountered strong opposition from the more infirm members of the Sacred College, but His Holiness invited the dissenting Cardinals to attend the exhibition, saying that they would go away feeling younger.



A large number of competitors performing physical exercises before the Pope. It will be noticed that each section wears its club colours. This added to the picturesqueness of the display.

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The Bandit's Housemaid

"Lambert Maxwell"—real name Jones—
Madly paced his dingy attic,
Groaned a dozen dreary groans,
Growled an oath or two emphatic!
Lambert's latest met his eye,
Like the other things he'd written
Finally rejected by
Ev'ry publisher in Britain!

Lambert thought it very clear
Birth in print was all he needed.
Once he gained the public ear,
Kipling would not sell like he did!
Publishers, who now declined,
Must be forced to recognise him;
Hence he racked his brains to find
Some strange scheme to advertise him!

Gentle reader, do not snort,
Label not my muse as jerky:
I must suddenly transport
Lambert Maxwell into Turkey.
Next we meet him, half alarmed,
Far from human habitation,
With a bandit, masked and armed,
Holding this confabulation:

"Welcome, stranger! Guests are rare;
Great the honour that you do me!
Judging from your uncut hair,
You have come to interview me?"
"Nay, masked sir, you held Miss Stone
Till the Yankees stumped up handsome;
Capture me—I'm quite alone—
Ask whate'er you please as ransom!"

"Stranger, put my mind at rest;
Lull a brigand's base suspicion:
Does your wish to be my guest
Mean you want a large commission?"
"Nay, 'cute chieftain, I'll explain:
Fame will follow my detention;
That is all I seek to gain—
I'm an author, I may mention!"

Through that mountainous defile
Shrill the chieftain's whistle sounded;
In their best Adelphi style
Forth his hidden comrades bounded.
L. was flung upon his back,
Expeditiously they gagged him;
Roughly up their secret track
To their lair the villains dragged him!

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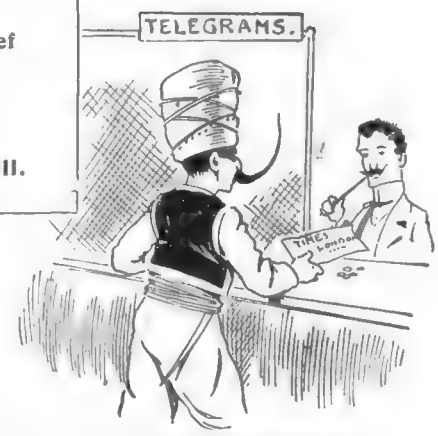
Then that bold, bad bandit chief,
Galloped to the nearest city;
Wired the *Times*: "Report with grief
Further outrage by Banditti.
Sixty outlaws, armed and masked,
Carried off a man named Maxwell.
Fifty thousand ransom asked—
Robber band has hidden tracks well.

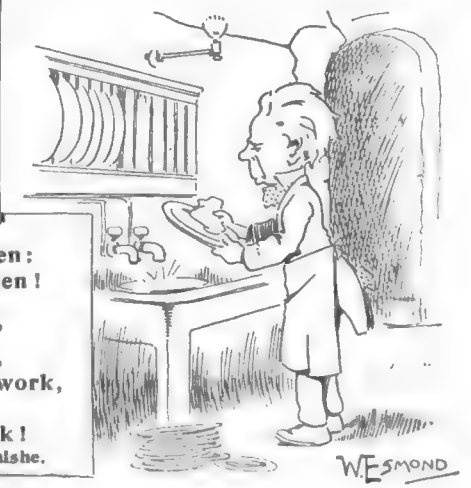


Funny papas made remarks,
Meanwhile breakfasting in snatches;
Certain Foreign Office clerks
Drafted rather long dispatches.
No one wrote to head a list:
Authors grow in great profusion;
One the less would not be missed,
Seemed the general conclusion!

After six long months had sped,
Lambert's captors gave all hope up.
"Sir, you die," the chieftain said,
"When my men have strung a rope up."
Lambert moaned: "Oh! outlaw brave,
Let me go; I won't betray you!"
Answered he: "You know our cave;
I am therefore, bound to slay you!"

"Chief, I have no wish to hang;
Tender-hearted I conceive you—
Let me join your noble gang,
Since alive I may not leave you!"
"Sir, I have no wish to kill!
Welcome to our band of comrades!
Here's to you, sir! Drink your fill
Of the wine we've captured *from* raids!"

"Brothers, greet our new recruit;
Give him arms and ammunition.
Show us, stranger, how you shoot"—
Lambert gave an exhibition!
Said the chief: "You're not a shot;
Meet me, comrade, with the dagger."
Lambert, fainting on the spot,
Made his brother brigands stagger!



Sneered the chief, with angry mien:
"*You* a bandit's band don't richen!
Set to work at once and clean
All the dishes in our kitchen!"
There you'll find him to this day,
Doing all those outlaws' *small* work,
Kicks and jeers his only pay—
Novelist turned maid of *all* work!

Douglas Walshe.

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The Crusader

The Story of a Paper that never Went to Press.

By Mary L. Pendered.

WANTED, by an experienced journalist, the post of SUB-EDITOR to a monthly or weekly magazine.—Apply No. 1071, Box O.

She did not blush at her own presumption in claiming to be an experienced journalist, being well aware that no lesser bait could have been offered. But qualms seized her when, two days afterwards, she received the following reply:

Lord Henry de Bohun Rylford presents his compliments, and will the gentleman who is an experienced journalist call at Heronsmere House, Lancaster Gate, at once, to consult on business.

The letter was typed, and inclosed in a large, square envelope with a crested seal. Its somewhat unusual wording puzzled Edith. She concluded that Lord Rylford must have a foreign secretary, and it was with some trepidation that she set out for Heronsmere House.

A footman in handsome livery opened the door and said that Lord Rylford was at home. She followed his regal steps across a large, silent hall, decorated and furnished with Georgian splendour, through an ante-chamber hung with fine pictures, into a drawing-room that looked out upon a lawn and fountain. There the dignitary left her, and she stood by the window watching a little host of sparrows squabbling over some crumbs evidently spread for their benefit. Presently the door behind her opened, and she turned quickly, with a nervous heart-beat, to meet the nobleman who had summoned her.

The flutter ceased when she saw a small boy in a light tweed suit standing with his hand on the door-knob. His eyes were dilated with surprise, but he gave no evidence of shyness, though he stood irresolute as if preparing to retreat. Edith smiled on him, and her smile was wonderfully sweet. He came forward and offered her his hand graciously.

"How do you do?" he said. "Did you want to see me?"

"I have called in response to a letter I received this morning from Lord Rylford," she replied. "Are you his son?"

"I am Lord Rylford, his own self," he answered with some dignity. "Was it you, then, who put that piece in the paper about the sub-editor? I thought it was a gentleman."

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He appeared so disappointed that Edith felt sorry for him. He was a plain little fellow with sandy hair, freckled skin, and thin, small features, which were lighted up by a pair of the most remarkable eyes she had ever seen. They were of a pale, greenish grey, very large and shining, but capable of turning suddenly into dark pools, when a shadow seemed to cross them, dilating or contracting with every fleeting emotion, and speaking as clearly as his tongue.

"I am very sorry to have deceived you," said Edith apologetically, "but I really have had a good deal of experience in journalism, though I am not a man."

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least," he hastened to assure her courteously, "only I didn't think ladies ever edited papers, you know, or anything like that. I am most happy to make your acquaintance. Won't you please take a seat?"

The quaint little bow with which he made this polite speech nearly upset her gravity, but his serious face checked her, and she returned his salute with one equally formal. When she was seated he planted himself in a deep arm-chair beside her, balancing his small body on his two hands, and fixing wide eyes on the sparrows by the fountain.

"I suppose you live here with your father and mother," said Edith, feeling somewhat embarrassed, and at a loss for words.

"I have no mother and hardly any father," he replied, still gazing at the sparrows.

"Hardly any?" Edith repeated vaguely.

"I mean he might as well not be, you know. In fact, Mrs. — Miss ——" He paused.

"Miss Phillimore."

"The fact is, Miss Phillimore, I am a neglected child."

His air as he said this was resigned rather than mournful. He had evidently regarded the situation from all points, and had no illusions about it. Edith could only ejaculate a faint "Really!"

"My father—you must have heard of him, he's the Earl of Heronsmere, and can sit in the House of Lords when he likes—only he doesn't—hardly ever—well, he's not unkind to me exactly. I don't mean that—except that it does hurt your feelings to be always laughed at, you know—but he takes no interest in me whatever, not the slightest."

"Oh, are you sure of that?" she asked.

"Quite sure," he answered emphatically. "Everybody knows it, too. He likes amusing himself, and he doesn't like children. It can't be helped," he concluded, with a sadder note, "and I shouldn't mind so much if I had any brothers and sisters. It's no fun being always alone. Is it?"

Edith agreed, with an uncomfortable feeling in her throat. He was such a pathetic little figure, and his voice had such a moving tone. His eyes wandered back to the window, and he seemed to fall into a train of tense thought, for they bulged a little as he leant back on his hands and let his head sink into his chest. Then he raised himself and fixed upon her a gaze of piercing inquiry, as if to discover whether she might be fully trusted.

The scrutiny evidently satisfied him. He sat back in the big chair so that his thin, knickerbockered legs stuck out straight in front of him, and, twisting his fingers nervously, plunged into a detailed family and personal history.

He lived in this house, he said, with a housekeeper and a number of servants, each of whom he described carefully, down to the last scullery-maid. Until a week ago he had had a tutor, but now he was going to Eton, and the tutor had left him. He missed him very much, as he had no friends, and his aunt, Lady Blayne, who used to invite him in the holidays, could not have him this time on account of having measles in the house. "Last Christmas it was a new baby, and last summer it was paint," he observed plaintively; "it seems as if there's always something."

He was nearly thirteen, and, although not big for his age, he knew a good deal about history, and books, and "all that," besides a little French and Latin and Algebra. After telling her precisely what he did know and didn't know, he went on to say that he had two dogs, three cats, five rabbits (including young ones), a canary, a parrot, a tame rat, and a pony.

All these were minutely described, and then Lord Rylford confided to her his great and absorbing ambition. It was as if he had been afraid to broach the subject until he had made himself certain of her interest and sympathy.

He wanted to bring out a new magazine for boys.

"You see, a boy knows exactly what other boys like," he said, scanning her face anxiously for approval and speaking somewhat nervously, "and I've lots and lots of ideas, only I don't know how they do about editing and all that. So I looked out in the

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papers, and when I saw that bit in the *Mail Bag*, I thought I would write to the person who put it in."

"Then I understand that you wish me to be your sub-editor?" observed Edith soberly.

"Yes, that's it," he cried, with a quick breath of relief to find she had seized the situation and did not seem amazed at it. "I suppose the sub-editor—the sub-editor—well—looks after the business part and—all that; doesn't he—I mean, she?"

Edith assented, and asked: "Have you thought of a title for the magazine yet?"

Her conscience, or what she thought her conscience, began to upbraid her, Was it right to encourage the boy in his impossible ambition? Ought not she to quench the scheme with a dash of cold wisdom, since the higher his hopes were raised, the greater must be his disappointment at their non-fulfilment?

But with his bright, eager eyes fixed so imploringly upon her face, she turned coward and temporised. To speak the cruel, unvarnished truth was more than difficult; she simply could not do it.

"The title is to be *The Crusader*," replied Lord Rylford with prompt decision. "Don't you think it's a splendid word, Miss Phillimore? Makes you see pictures of knights in shining armour with the red cross on their shields, fighting Saracens, and all that."

"Of course it does," said Edith, "and it gives another lovely idea, too—that of a brave man fighting for some great and holy cause. Do you mean it to be a fighting paper?"

"Rather!" he exclaimed, "that's just it. I mean it to be *all* about fighting. Not silly fights with windmills and things, like Don Quixote did, but real bloodshed and battle. You can't have glorious deeds without fighting, can you?"

"I suppose not," said Edith, adding thoughtfully, "either physical or spiritual."

Lord Rylford looked at her pensively.

"I shan't," he said, "have any words in my magazine that any boy can't understand."

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Edith, rebuked; "physical means——"

"I know," he interrupted quickly, "or, at least, I can guess. But the magazine's going to be for all sorts of boys, you know, every sort of boy—ignorant as well as clever. It wouldn't do to have hard words in it."

Further conversation showed that his choice of a title had been based entirely on its picture-making quality and its connection with gory deeds. The ideas which grown-up people associate with it had no place in his mind until Edith put them there; but the idea of fighting for a holy cause, the righting of wrongs and setting of crooked things straight, made a tremendous appeal to his imagination, and he promptly announced his intention of starting a crusade in his new magazine.

The object was not easy to decide upon, but, as Edith said, there were plenty of evils to combat, and there would be plenty of time to think of them while the business matters of the paper were being arranged, and serials written for it. He told her of one he was writing himself, and asked her advice as to the "end up." This settled, he proceeded to explain his financial position with much candour, disclosing the fact that he had £10 of his very own, which he believed would cover the printing and publishing of *The Crusader*, of whose profits he generously offered her a half-share. Edith thanked him gravely, and observed that she wished more editors were like him, which remark pleased him very much.

When she left, it was with a solemn promise to come again in a few days, when his tale should be typed (he was extremely proud of his type-writing), ready for her to put in the right stops and "all that." He stood on the steps watching her off and waving his hand with a bright and happy smile. The whole adventure enthralled her greatly, and she felt already a warm affection for the little lord with the large ambition.

At first prudence suggested the quashing of his hopes, but she flung prudence to the winds, saying to herself: "Why should we elders always be such Juggernauts to the child mind, ruthlessly crushing its most cherished convictions and hopes? The Crusaders were only big children, after all, and I'm not going to crush this little one. He shall have his magazine, if I spend my last penny on it!"

Her object in advertising was lost in a new sensation—one that taught her how mothers feel, and shifted her interest in life from herself to the lonely, motherless boy. She did not sleep that night till she had made plans to keep him busily happy during the remaining weeks of his holidays.

Those weeks fled very fast and were full of rapture for the editor of the projected magazine, who seemed unable to rest many hours out of Edith Phillimore's company, and who devoured her time with all the rapacity of unthinking youth.

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One day when she was drinking tea with Lord Rylford in the garden, the Earl appeared unexpectedly on the scene. He was a small, fair man with a mocking smile, and eyes cold as steel. Although he treated her with extreme courtesy, thanked her for her interest in his son, and expressed a hope that she would continue it until the boy went to school, Edith felt a curious repugnance for him, and comprehended instantly the shrinking dread in which he was held by her little friend.

The Earl was clearly one of those human creatures whom dogs, cats, and children alike instinctively avoid; there was no warmth, no magnetism, in his atmosphere. She saw Rylford recoil at his touch when it was meant to be kindly, and wince under his light banter. A letter the child received from him a few days later, in answer to a timid appeal for permission to spend a day alone with her at Kew, revealed the man's inner portrait as a snapshot reveals bodily features. It ran:

DEAR RYLFORD,

If Miss Phillimore chooses to be bothered with you a whole day, and accepts the responsibility of looking after you, I have no objection. But don't plague me with letters till you can write and spell.

Yours,

HERONSMERE.

The day at Kew was an immense success, and was followed by several other picnics of the same order. Business was mingled therein with pleasure—the first number of *The Crusader* shaped and made up. It was to contain a serial by the editor, Lord Rylford, and it must be admitted that this serial was of a ruthlessly gory character, its pages being full of sanguinary battles and desperate hand-to-hand fights. The plot was nebulous, and the chief personages of the story had an odd way of bobbing up in unlikely places whenever they were wanted to save a life or kill somebody, while supers, with long and flowery names, appeared and vanished, meteor-like, without any obvious cause or reason. Nobody could complain of the tale's sluggish action. It was all action! A character was no sooner introduced and described than he promptly did something—a deed of violence usually—and when he could do no more, he was as promptly killed, to be out of the way.

Time went so fast in this pleasant intercourse, and the little lord seemed so content to let it pass without any definite arrangements as to the production of his magazine, that Edith did not find herself forced into the action she had contemplated—that of having a number of *The Crusader* printed at her own expense. The boy's thirst for literary achievement was, apparently, satisfied by reading his efforts aloud and talking over the paper. It was plain that he found "to travel hopefully better than to arrive," for, although he had no doubt as to the ultimate issue of his ideas to the world, he evidenced no haste in the matter. At their last meeting they agreed to postpone publication of *The Crusader* until the Christmas holidays, and then dazzle the world with a Christmas Number of surpassing brilliance. In the meanwhile he was to finish his serial (it was called "The Bloodstained Sword; or, the Boy Hero of Malta"), and send her instalments every week to read.

"Well, good-bye, Sub," he said, when all this was settled, "and mind you don't forget to write often. I'll send you the next chapter as soon as ever I can get it done, and tell you what the school is like. I should think by Christmas I'll have learnt a good lot—how to spell, and stops, and all that. You'll find a nice publisher by then, won't you? Good-bye."

He held out his hand with an air of bravado and a stiff attitude, as if afraid she might kiss him, a thing she had never yet dared to do, in spite of their affectionate relations. His mouth was set in a strained smile, and his eyes stared hard at her in their desperate battle against tears. She knew he wanted to cry as much as she did. The parting was a real grief.

"Good-bye, my Lord Editor-in-Chief. I'll write often, and mind you tell me all about Eton," she cried from the pavement, with an uncontrollable little break in her voice.

He hurried away abruptly and ran up the steps into the house.

The small flat in which Edith lived alone was one of those known to many struggling writers and artists in London under the address of Holbein House. She had a tiny parlour leading into her bedroom, which in turn led into a smaller room, called by her the "guest chamber," because, although she used it as a store closet, it contained a bedstead, washstand, and dressing-table. The microscopic kitchen was almost filled up by a serviceable gas stove, and the devices for economising space were many and ingenious. Edith was quite happy in this little nest, and she did most of her housework herself, lunching and dining out to save cooking and the irksome cleansing of dishes.

About five weeks after bidding good-bye to Lord Rylford she was sitting at her writing-table in the afternoon, tidying some rough

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notes taken that morning, when there came an imperious rat-a-tat at her door, and she started with a sudden heart-beat of recognition. It was so like the little lord's impetuous summons that she was not surprised to see him when the door opened.

He came in with outstretched hand, and spoke as if they had parted but the day before, though his laugh was nervous.

"Well, how are you, Sub?" he said. "I've run away. You won't send me back, will you?"

Edith drew a quick breath. The boy was flushed, and his eyes shone with a feverish light. His linen was soiled, his clothes were dusty. He stood before her somewhat defiantly, with his thin legs, in their Eton trousers, set wide apart.

"Well, how are you, Sub?" he said.

"I couldn't stick it," he went on; "it was so horrible there. They laughed at everything—the boys I mean—and talked about nothing but games. And I couldn't do the lessons. They were *awful*, and I was always bottom of everything. It was nothing but grind, grind, grind—I thought I should go mad—and with no one to speak to about anything—or to tell things to—I——"

His brave voice broke. He looked down at his dusty boots, and recovered himself with a little cough. "I'm in a frightful mess," he quavered. "It took all the money I had to pay for my ticket, so I had to walk from the station. It's a longish way, and I don't know how ever I got here. It was by following 'buses and asking people—dozens of people—I expect I went miles out." He laughed again, less tremulously. "But I don't care for anything now I have found you, and I know you'll let me stay—you won't send me back?"

He gave her a look of such earnest appeal that her heart sank. What could she do with him?

The colour faded out of his face as he dropped into her big arm-chair, and she knew that he was almost worn out with walking and excitement. His plucky conquest of tears aroused her admiration, for she could see he was perilously on the verge of an outbreak. To avert it she took his coming lightly, and busied herself with tea, talking cheerfully all the time. He was ravenously hungry, and dispatched two eggs, with a heaped plate of bread and butter, in an incredibly short time, drinking three cups of tea to assist their departure.

Under this refreshment, and Edith's assurance that she would not send him away, he revived wonderfully, and launched into a full catalogue of his wrongs, which were, of course, immensely exaggerated; but, sitting there, in the power of his luminous and compelling eyes, she was incapable of telling him so. While he talked she decided what to do, and at last, when a pause came in his eloquent indignation, she said, with some timidity:

"But you see, Chief, dear, I must let Lord Heronsmere know where you are. The authorities at school will have telegraphed to him, and he will be setting detectives to find you if he doesn't hear at once. The law would punish me very severely if I kept you here without your father's knowledge and consent."

During this speech his face fell piteously, and a hunted look came into his strange eyes. He was silent a few minutes; then he burst out again, imploringly:

"But you won't send me away unless—until—he makes me go—you won't—you won't! Let me stay here to-night—till they fetch me. I don't want to go-o."

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"Of course, I shan't send you away, Chief. I am only going to telegraph one line to your father. It will be: 'Lord Rylford quite safe. Writing.' He may not get the message to-night, and if he does it will be late; so there is every chance you will not be fetched away to-morrow, if then. I will do my best to keep you. Cheer up, and never say die."

She left him with an interesting book (full of fighting pictures), and walked quickly to the nearest telegraph-office, which was at a small stationer's shop. The message was written just as she had promised it, taken by the girl behind the rail, and paid for duly. As she went out, Edith found herself hoping devoutly that it would not reach the Earl that night. She had just said to herself:

"If only he's shooting in Scotland, or gambling at Monte Carlo, or doing anything anywhere out of London"—when her eye was caught by the contents bill of an evening paper spread before her, and her heart seemed to stand still as she read an announcement that seemed like a Satanic answer to her wish:

TERRIBLE MOTOR ACCIDENT!

SHOCKING DEATH OF THE EARL OF HERONSMERE.

The phrases danced before her eyes, and she reeled. Her knees began to shake in a spasm of horror, for the shock was sudden and dreadful; the words stared at her with accusing force.

She had wished the living man away, "anywhere out of London," and he was—where?

Quite unable, for the moment, to walk, she went back into the shop, and sat down by the counter, feeling very limp and dizzy. She did not realise that the girl at the office was at that very instant clicking off her message to the dead man, until someone else came in and said, in a voice that sounded distant to her: "Isn't it awful about the Earl of Heronsmere?" and in a few short, excited sentences told all he had read of the accident. Then Edith remembered, and, going once more to the rail, asked the girl if her message had gone.

It had. The girl seemed rather elated to think that the distinction of sending a telegram to a dead peer had fallen to her lot. "I'd just finished your name when I heard the news," she cried, and began to explain volubly that the lady had just wired to the Earl.

Edith walked back to the flat very slowly, trying to think; but her thoughts were in confusion, and all she could decide was to keep the news she had heard from Lord Rylford. To this end she tried to appear gay and as if nothing had happened to disturb her. It was a difficult task, and did not succeed. After a time the boy looked at her with a puzzled expression, and asked:

"What is the matter, Sub? You look so—funny, sort of white and frightened, and you don't talk naturally. You're thinking about something else all the time. What is it?"

Thereupon Edith began to wonder whether it would not be best to tell him the truth. He was not an ordinary boy, and he did not love his father.

"Because you are a brave boy, Chief," she said after a slight pause, "I will tell you what makes me look so strange and speak unnaturally. I've just had a shock, and it affects you. It is bad news of your father."

Her voice trembled. He gazed at her with widening eyes and spoke in a half whisper.

"Is he ill—very ill?"

"Worse than that."

"Dying then—is he—dead?"

"Yes."

There was a silence that seemed long. The boy's eyes were clouded with horror, and he shuddered once or twice as Edith went on. "It was a motor accident. I have heard few particulars except that he was killed at once, so he could not have suffered much. We must be thankful for that. I knew you would be brave, dear, or I would not have told you so suddenly."

"I don't think I'm brave," he said slowly, "not about this, I mean. I'm not crying because I—don't—seem to mind—much. In books boys always cry when their parents die, but I don't want to—I can't. Do you think it's very horrid of me not to cry, Sub?"

"No, dear." She had a choked sensation in her throat and could say no more. He went on:

"You see, it's not as if he'd been fond of his child, like some fathers. I used always to be afraid of him . . . not that he was really unkind to me, but he—laughed rather . . . and pulled my ears. And when I didn't like it, he called me 'cry-baby.' I wish I could be a cry-baby now," he concluded with a wistful little smile.

Then, before she could speak, he exclaimed:

"By Jove! I suppose I'm the Earl of Heronsmere now, aren't I, Sub?"

Edith experienced a sharp pang at the elation in his voice. It sounded inexpressibly heartless.

"But it's a great responsibility," he sighed,

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"to one so young. I don't feel equal to it at all."

His sudden change of tone, and air of dignity, were too much for her gravity. She had to laugh.

"You need not let that distress you just yet, Chief," she said, "while you are in your minority."

His countenance fell one more.

"I forgot. But will they send me back to school again—if I don't want to go—now that I'm the Earl, do you think, Sub? Won't they let me choose how I'm to be educated? I don't see what's the good of being a peer of the realm if you can't have your own way in everything. However, if they make me go back, I shall only run away again."

He talked with so much animation and appeared so absorbed in his future prospects that Edith, although somewhat relieved, was vexed in spirit. She would have had him more subdued by the terrible news, by the awful thing that haunted and depressed her, as she aired sheets for him and made his room ready for the night. It was dreadful to see a child so indifferent to the loss of a father, so unaffected by his tragic death. Rylford had been so warmly human before, that she could not understand his almost inhuman attitude now, and felt it as a disillusion.

But she had made a mistake.

As she was brushing her hair at eleven o'clock that night, a muffled sound in the next room made her pause. She stepped lightly to the door and listened. The sound was repeated, and it was certainly a sob. She opened the door quickly, and entered the tiny guest chamber in a state of consternation.

"Why, Chief—Chief, dear, what is it—what is the matter?" she cried, groping towards the bed. There was no light, but the long-drawn sobs guided her.

"I can't sleep—I haven't been to sleep at all," wailed the boy between spasmodic gasps. "I keep on thinking I see him all the while—in the dark. He can't be dead—I don't want him to be dead."

Conscience gave Edith a smart sting for misjudgment. She went over and kissed the wet face on the pillow. The boy flung out his arms and clasped her neck in a strangling embrace.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come. I wanted you so badly," he panted.

"Then why didn't you call me, dearest boy? You knew I would have come to you at once. I never thought of you lying awake all this time."

"I didn't like—it seemed so silly—and I thought you'd think I was—cowardly. But I've said my prayers all through three times, and it wasn't any good—I couldn't help thinking and thinking, and seeing him in my mind. After all, he's the only father I've got, and I don't want him to be dead," he sobbed. "It must be dreadful to be dead, and he wouldn't like it at all. He liked living so much—and enjoying himself. He always laughed at everything. I shouldn't mind him laughing at me now, if he'd only be alive again. I can't believe he's dead—I can't—poor father! He'd hate it so, being all alone—dead. Oh, dear!"

He burst into fresh weeping, and, for the life of her, Edith did not know how to comfort him. Tears were in her own eyes, and her throat ached painfully. She could only kiss him again and whisper hoarsely:

"Why, Chief, you're an Earl now, you know, and must not give way like this. Don't cry any more, there's a good boy."

"I don't want to be an Earl," he sobbed; "I don't want him to be dead. He'd hate it so. I want him to be alive."

"But that is silly"—she tried to speak more severely—"when you know that nothing we can say or do will call back life that is gone. And it is foolish to talk about hating to be dead. How do you know that he hates it now? Don't you believe that he is in God's hands, and most likely in a better world, where you will join him one day?"

Religious words were never without effect on the impressionable boy. He lay silent for a few minutes, gulping down his sobs. Then he began again, vehemently:

"But that doesn't comfort me at all. I don't want to go to Heaven. I want to be alive—and here. I should hate to be dead—I know I should."

His voice trembled into another wail, and he ducked his head under the clothes to smother it.

"I can see you would never have made a real Crusader," said Edith, when his tumbled hair became visible again in the dim light from the open door; "*they* were not afraid of death, but courted it for a righteous cause. They knew it was only like going to sleep, and waking up again on a new and glorious morning."

Although she was glad of his sorrow, glad to know him all she had first believed—a loving, human, tender soul, capable of

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profound feeling—she was growing anxious about him. He was a delicate boy, and she feared these paroxysms of crying would make him ill. Her last speech was effectual. She had stung his pride in a weak place. He pulled himself together, sat up in bed, and asked for a clean handkerchief.

"My head aches awfully, and I'm so thirsty," he said. "Do you think I might have a drink of water?"

Edith went into her own room and, after placing a night-light on his table, fetched him milk and biscuits. Then she sat beside him, talking cheerfully, while he ate and drank. His poor little face was terribly disfigured; she could hardly bear to look at him. When he had finished his meal she tucked him up once more, and kissed him tenderly.

"Good-night, dear Chief. Be brave and face the future like a real Crusader, so that I can be proud of you," she said.

He did not answer, but presently she heard him call her again, and went to find him sitting up in bed, with his eyes sparkling under their red lids.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "Will you marry me when I'm grown up? I shall never like anyone else as much as you, and you'd be the Countess of Heronsmere, you know. Do say you will."

Edith curtsied profoundly and replied with becoming modesty:

She stepped lightly to the door and listened.

"Thank you kindly, my lord. If your lordship is in the same mind ten years hence, and I be still unwed, I will accept the coronet. Until then I beg to remain your lordship's very faithful friend and servitor. Good-night to you, my lord."

"Good-night to you, my lady," he returned with a glad laugh, "and don't you forget."

Thereupon he snuggled down into bed and was soon fast asleep.

Next morning he went cheerfully away with the portly butler from Heronsmere House, who had long been his friend. He was not sent back to Eton.

* * * * *

That was ten years ago, and Edith is married now. Her husband is not the Earl of Heronsmere. At fifteen that nobleman gave a reluctant consent to her union with a fellow-journalist, and spent all his current pocket-money on her wedding present.

To this day he has remained her firm friend, and they often laugh together over their early editorship of the wonderful magazine which never went to press—that dear old ideal of boyhood—*The Crusader*.

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A MAIDEN VERSATILE.

I loved her eyes of tender blue,
  Her hair of shining gold,
Her curving lips of rosy hue,
  So tempting to behold.
She stood within her casement then,
  As rigid as a rock;
I worshiped daily (I was ten)
  That blue-eyed barber's block.

I, off to school, had sought a last
  Fond glance upon her charms;
But saw her, as I stared aghast,
  Clasped in another's arms!
The cad (and he was one, no doubt),
  With cruel, callous air,
Had left my darling's head without
  A single golden hair!

Home once again, on holidays,
  I longed for one more glance,
And as I stood again to gaze
  My heart began to dance.
Yes, yes! The azure eyes were there,
  And still the rosy mouth;
But, oh! a mass of jet-black hair—
  She hailed from somewhere South!

From school I straightway went to sea,
  And crossed the raging main.
Years passed; then it was Fate's decree
  To send me home again.
Again I saw that form, and, oh!
  Could scarce restrain my sobs—
My blue-eyed love of long ago
  Was now "made-up" as "Bobs"!

I, saddened, sped again to sea,
  Endeav'ring to forget
The maid who was so dear to me,
  Her locks of gold and jet!
When fiscalitis was the cry
  I homeward turned—and lo!
My childhood's charmer, glass in eye,
  Got up as "Pushful Joe"!

Not long ago, to serve the State,
  Became my constant view;
As Parliamentary candidate
  I soon made my début;
To-day, as through the town I strolled,
  I, thunderstruck, could see
My time-worn, blue-eyed, belle of old
  Was representing—ME!

H. J. H.

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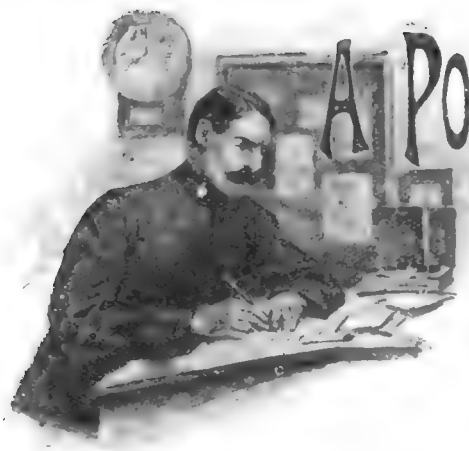

A Police Inspector's Day.

A Description of his Many Duties, Written by Special Permission of Captain Nott Bower, Commissioner of the London City Police, Old Jewry.

By an Old Jewryman.

Seven great bangs from an historic but noisy clock-tower hard by help to knock the sleep from my eyes, and I jump out of bed, ready for another day's work. I feel as fresh as a daisy, having enjoyed six solid hours of sound repose—a rather unusual experience in my case.

As chief inspector for the XZ police district, I am compelled to reside, with my family, in the fairly comfortable apartments, provided by the authorities, over my station; therefore, when anything serious happens, such as a murder, a big fire, or a more than usually startling burglary, I am never surprised to be awakened by a peremptory knock at my door, and told that I am wanted downstairs.

Leaving a warm bed on a cold winter's night, at a moment's notice, has become no longer a hardship for me. I am quite used to it. My worthy colleagues, the station and district inspectors, have their regular eight hours' duty each day—save in exceptional circumstances. But I am supposed to be on duty for the whole twenty-four hours. Such is one of the little responsibilities of the position.

Well, having had my morning tub, and slipped into my clothes in double-quick time, I descend to the lower regions of the station—that is, the ground floor offices—for a moment or two, to say "Good morning" to the officer in charge, just to let him know that I am "on the wing." Then back again to my quarters to dispatch a hearty breakfast—presuming I am not interrupted by a special message—and take a glance at the morning paper.

At eight o'clock I am downstairs at my office desk with a number of letters in front of me demanding attention. Sometimes several curious epistles are included—a note from a "nark," or spy, with some startling disclosures to be "sold" at a price; wives anxiously making inquiries as to the whereabouts of husbands; husbands quite as anxiously describing missing wives; anonymous letters accusing apparently respectable people of evil deeds; intending suicides obligingly stating where their bodies will be found; and a host of other communications, from time to time illustrating the drama of life as we of the police force too often see it.

The big, official-looking envelope, which almost invariably forms part of the morning's correspondence, has first claim on my notice. It comes from headquarters, and contains many important orders which must receive my urgent attention. Instructions have to be given my colleagues as to the prompt carrying out of my superiors' wishes—but this is a subject into which, for obvious reasons, I do not wish to go too deeply.

I dictate replies to most of the letters, others are filed for future reference, including the anonymous ones, which require, perhaps, quiet investigation and serious thought. Many a dreadful crime has first been heard of through the careful consideration of an anonymous letter!

Nine o'clock finds me in consultation with the station inspector as to the arrangements for "beats" and "point" duty for the men. These are rearranged once a month, and considerable care has to be exercised in the selection of constables for the various duties.

For instance, there would be little judgment shown in placing men on "beat" or "point" in foreign quarters if they had no

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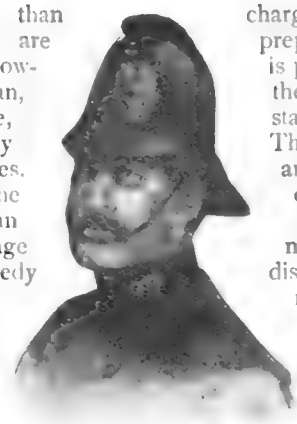
knowledge of other languages than their own, especially as there are men in the force who have a knowledge of French, Italian, German, Spanish, and Russian—some, indeed, able to talk most fluently in at least two of these tongues. This fact is accounted for by the knowledge that a man who can speak and write a foreign language is more likely to obtain speedy promotion, providing his character is good, than one who does not.



For rough and dangerous localities, the more muscular constables are selected.

For rough and dangerous localities the more muscular constables are selected, especially those who are well versed in the art of self-defence and "locks" and holds according to the system invented by Sergeant Wheeldon, and now taught regularly at the police gymnasium.

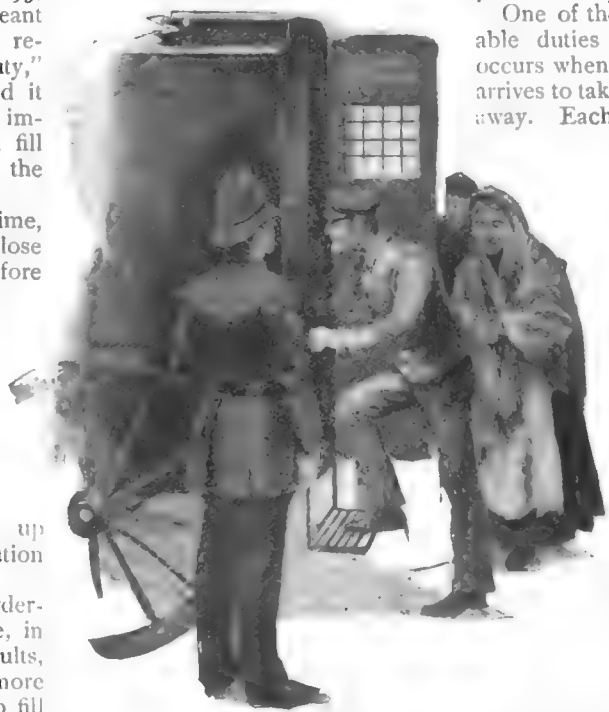
These selections are chiefly made by the station inspectors, but I am bound to study the filled-up forms very carefully, as all the responsibility rests on me, should anything go wrong. The same remark applies to temporary arrangements as to men selected for duty.

"Constables 264, 193, 89, 296, and Sergeant Murphy are ill and reported unfit for duty," I am informed, and it has to be decided immediately who shall fill their places for the present.

All this takes up time, and it is usually close upon ten o'clock before I can pass on to other branches of my work. The next item is to receive reports of the "cases" that during the afternoon and evening of the previous day have helped to fill up the cell accommodation at the station.

"Drunk and disorderlies" are, of course, in the majority; assaults, robberies, and more serious crimes go to fill up the usual list of charges. So a lengthy document, prepared and ready for my signature, is placed before me, and I run over the names of the offenders, constables, and witnesses in each case. This must be done prior to the arrival of "Black Maria" to carry off our guests to the police-court. Other documents submitted to me for supervision before being dispatched to headquarters are reports of fires, accidents, children lost, persons missing, dead bodies recovered, etc.

If I can spare the time, I like to take a run through the cells before the prisoners leave, as I have a hankering after old friends, and it is not unusual to discover the presence of some hardened sinner who has "booked" under a new name "for this occasion only." I may be accompanied in my brief visit of inspection by one or two detectives who have dropped in with a similar object in view. It will be remembered that this custom led to the identification of the notorious John Smith, for whose crimes the unfortunate Mr. Adolf Beck suffered years of imprisonment.



When "Black Maria" comes to take her little cargo away, each prisoner has to be carefully checked.

One of the most disagreeable duties of an inspector occurs when "Black Maria" arrives to take her little cargo away. Each prisoner has to be as carefully checked as though he or she were a parcel of precious goods; and although, personally, I do not assist at the transfer from cell to van, I am held absolutely responsible for the safe delivery of those who have had a free night's lodging at my station.

In spite of the care exercised, a mistake is sometimes made. Readers may remember

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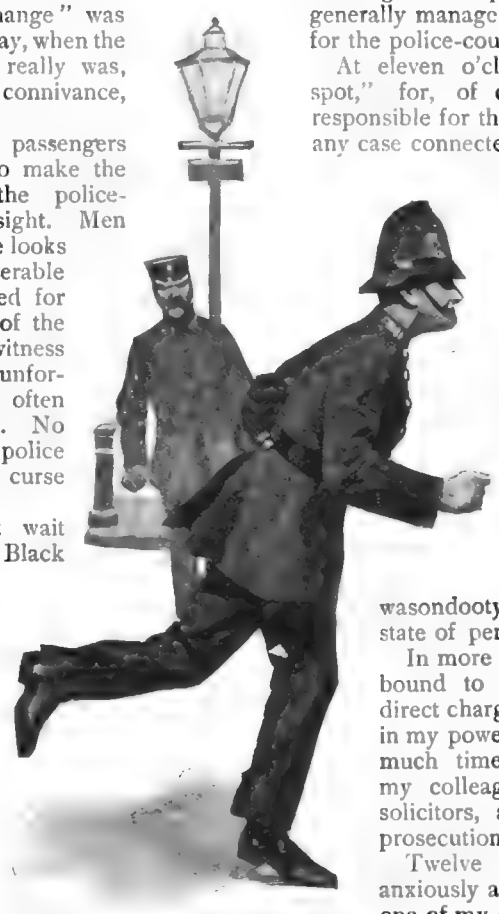
the clever ruse of a convict, who induced a youth sentenced to detention in the cells for a few hours to impersonate him and answer to his name when the prisoners were called for conveyance to Brixton Prison.

In this way the youth who should have remained in the police-court cells entered "Black Maria," whilst the other, sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, simply remained in the cells and was released in the evening. The "change" was not discovered until next day, when the youth explained who he really was, and, as no one could prove connivance, he had to be discharged.

The appearance of the passengers as they enter the van to make the undesired journey to the police-station is not a savoury sight. Men and women are alike where looks are concerned, entirely miserable and disreputable, ashamed for the most part of the gaze of the public, who *will* stand to witness the transference of the unfortunate wretches. I have often felt quite upset at the sight. No one knows better than a police official what the drink curse means in London.

Sometimes I do not wait until the departure of "Black Maria," for I have plenty to do. Before I start for the police-court, where I must be in attendance by eleven o'clock at latest, to superintend cases connected with my district, my daily inspection of the station has to be carried out. Most of the constables in the division are unmarried, and are, therefore, quartered at the station, where they are boarded and lodged, and have recreation rooms, etc.



Should the inspector meet a constable running in an excited manner, he must stop him, inquire the reason for such conduct, and rebuke him for unseemly haste.

There are nearly one hundred men, in whom I am supposed to take a fatherly interest. Therefore the daily inspection of the premises is by no means a mere matter of form, for, should illness occur among the constables to any great extent, I am held responsible, particularly so if it turn out that the condition of the premises was not all to be desired. Thus it is no cursory glance that I must give each department. I have to see that the charwomen have left the place spick and span, and that no speck of dust is allowed to remain.

Afterwards—for by this time the prisoners have left to go before the magistrate—I have to inspect the cells and to see that they, too, are as clean and bright as hands and soap can make them. If I am not interrupted in this duty by the arrival of an official, or a stranger wanting some special information, I generally manage to be able to start for the police-court in good time.

At eleven o'clock I am "on the spot," for, of course, I am held responsible for the correct conduct of any case connected with my division. Young and inexperienced constables have already had a course of tuition in the art of giving evidence clearly and succinctly, but for the first few appearances they are nervous, and require the attention of an older head to help them before they arrive at the "lastnightattenp.m.yerwashupIwasondooty," etc., testamentary state of perfection.

In more important cases I am bound to give the officers in direct charge all the assistance in my power, and have to spend much time in conferring with my colleagues, the detectives, solicitors, and counsel for the prosecution.

Twelve o'clock finds me anxiously awaiting the arrival of one of my district inspectors to relieve me in the court (if my cases are not finished), for a big function takes place in my district at 12.30, at which I am bound to be present. The number of Royal visits, bazaar openings, mayoral entertainments, processions, and other crowd-attracting events which take place yearly in London, is simply astonishing. I doubt if there is any other city in the world which can come anywhere near London in this respect. I know these festivities have helped to put a good few grey hairs in my head.

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The police sometimes receive queer visitors. On one occasion a man walked into the Inspector's office dripping wet, and stated that he had just walked out of the Thames, after lying there three weeks!

Hurrah! The last case is finished, and I am free to depart to be in evidence at the latest big event. So I hurry off to my appointed position, arrive in time to salute the proper vehicle, see that my men are all in their places, and are keeping back, with characteristic tact and discretion, the pressure of a gigantic crowd. The quiet dispersal of a mighty multitude in the best of humours inspires me with nothing but pleasurable thoughts, as by half-past one I begin my daily tramp of the six miles of London streets comprising my district.

I, or a substitute at my request, must visit every constable on "point" or "beat" once at least in the twenty-four hours, to see that he is properly carrying on his duties. Should I, during my peregrinations, happen to catch sight of a policeman running through the streets, with every evidence of excitement displayed on his features, I am bound to stop him and inquire the meaning of his undue haste, and to rebuke him for allowing his feelings to carry him away as fast as his legs.

It is not good form for a constable to become excited under any circumstances. If a score of people are being burnt to death, *he* must keep cool. A policeman who gets heated is regarded as no good to the force.

Throughout my six miles' tramp it is my duty to act just as a mere policeman would in the case of witnessing a breach of the law in any shape or form. Should I see a pickpocket at work, I am to arrest him; should a man jump into the river, I am bound to do my utmost to save him, even so far as diving in after him, and rendering first aid if necessary. In short, to all intents and purposes, I am a policeman—nothing more.

But as I march on my way through street after street, "beat" after "beat," and from "point" to "point," I see almost every constable on duty, and if the whole 150 or so have news which they would communicate to me, I must listen to them and give careful attention to what they tell me. But, as a rule, a drawing up of the body to "attention" and the accompanying salute are the only evidences they give that they have caught sight of me: otherwise my stroll would engage me a lengthier period than I had reckoned.

By four o'clock I have, as a rule, completed my pilgrimage, and readers must admit that it is about time I began to think of "lunch." Here I may say that a man in my position can rarely rely on having his meals at regular hours, for even breakfast is with him a movable feast, owing to the fact that he is often called out in the early morning on various unexpected duties.

Therefore, a good constitution is absolutely necessary to anyone attempting to carry on the work. As for me, I am mostly thankful for small mercies, and sit down to a meal with a feeling of gratitude for not being compelled to postpone it, as an Irishman might say, for good and all.

With a space of nine hours between meals, I need hardly say that dispatching "lunch" is one of the most pleasurable duties of the day, and I can always do it full justice. Half-an-hour for a smoke, if some sudden emergency does not drag me down to the office, and I begin to feel fresh enough to tackle the remainder of the day's duties.

During the afternoon, whilst I have been enjoying my "constitutional," several persons have called, and being informed that I am likely to be in the office between five and six o'clock, they almost invariably turn up. I am no sooner seated at my desk than my visiting list begins to extend, and I am interviewed by those who have information to give or glean. I may say they glean very little, although those bothering pressmen are so insistent that it requires a strong will to be able to say "no" to them.

The indignant person with a grievance against the force generally has to be dealt with tactfully. I have had some curious experiences with callers. One man, as quiet and suave as one might desire, had been talking with me quite rationally for five minutes, when he suddenly sprang upon me and bore

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me to the carpet, chair and all. He might have got six inches of steel into me if I had been less used to emergencies of the kind, for a dagger was found in his possession. He was proved to be a dangerous lunatic.

On another occasion a man walked into the office dripping wet, and declared he had just walked out of the Thames, where he had been lying for three weeks! We gave him some dry clothes, poor fellow, for it was winter, and saw him safely off next morning to the most convenient asylum.

At six o'clock I hear the reports of constables who have been on duty during the day. Incidents in which demands for names and addresses have eventually been made, with a view to the issue of summonses, are related to me by the men, and I have to weigh the pros and cons, and advise the issue of a summons or to let the matter drop.

It sometimes happens that a young constable, in a fit of temper, produces his notebook without sufficient cause, and it is my duty to let him know whether his action was really justified under the circumstances. I must say, however, that I have rarely had to tackle a constable for being too zealous; for, during his period of probation, he has carefully to study his book of instructions, which contains some useful information on the subject of making charges as to petty offences against laws and by-laws.

"Ring-a-ring-ring-ting!" It is the telephone giving direct communication to headquarters, with switches to the several stations.

"You are wanted by the Commissioner, sir," reports an orderly, and I go to the 'phone to be told that I am to come along at once on important business. So off I trot; and the matter dealt with in the course of the subsequent interview does not concern the public. Here I should say that whenever I leave the office I must state where I can be found at a few minutes' notice.

We do a deal of walking in our business. You will rarely see a police officer in uniform in a hansom.

I get back to my office at a quarter to nine. Between now and midnight is the time when I may seek a little relaxation. As soon as I have gone through a batch of returns and appended my signature to half-a-dozen requisition forms for the delivery of various items required at the station, I decide to climb upstairs, and am halfway up when I hear a tremendous hubbub below.

I descend to find a veritable giant in corduroys, fighting every inch of his way, and two stalwart constables carefully engineering him towards the iron "cage" of the charge-room, where he has to be held down by reinforcements. One of his captors is relating the story of a brutal assault, when a piercing scream is heard, and a moment later a woman dashes through the little group of officers, crying:

"Let him go—let him go——"

Even as the poor woman is praying for his release the ruffian in the "cage" manages to reach her with one of his huge clenched fists, and, striking her in the face, fells her to the floor.

One of the men lifts the woman up and almost carries her outside the station door, where she renews her intreaties and shrieks. Her scoundrelly husband is soon safe in a cell.

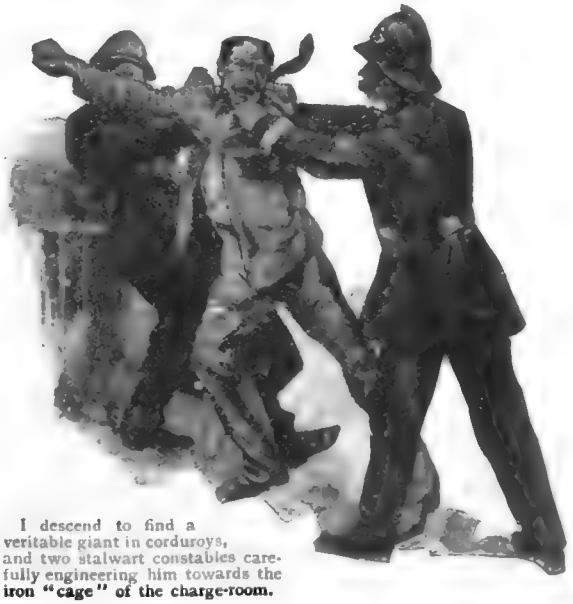
This interlude makes me a bit late for my supper, over which I spend nearly an hour.

It is now (10.30 p.m.) time for me to take a parting turn round some of the more important "points" in my district. There is nothing like keeping men on the alert; and varying, as I do, my route every evening, I very rarely discover any delinquencies or lagging, in spite of the fact that I, too, wear rubber-soled shoes.

Midnight, and I am back at the station looking over the charges for the evening, and taking a last glimpse round the cells and prisoners.

At 1 a.m. I am snugly in bed and sound asleep.

* * * * *



I descend to find a veritable giant in corduroys, and two stalwart constables carefully engineering him towards the iron "cage" of the charge-room.

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2.30 a.m.

"A message has just come in reporting a serious fire in Narrowalley Lane, sir. There are people in the house, and the lower part is well alight. Brigades arriving from all directions——"

"Get the men up, Jones."

In emergencies of this kind the rule is "all hands on deck." So I get into my clothes again, and descend to find the "reserve" men dressing in rapid but orderly fashion. In ten minutes we are out in the cold, wintry streets of London, hastening to the scene of the fire, which, by the great glow in the sky, we see is going to be a big one.

Well, it's all in the day's work!

It has always been something of a wonder to me how quickly a crowd gathers at the dead of night in the streets of London. It may only be an altercation between a couple of lively wanderers "on the spree," or a dispute between a cabman and his fare; but, as if by magic, the loneliest spot suddenly becomes alive with interested onlookers, who exhibit an extraordinary tendency to linger, even after the affair has been settled satisfactorily, to criticise the entertainment and to offer opinions as to which of the disputants was in the wrong.

As for a fire, it draws thousands at any moment of the night. Men and women swarm to the scene, so that in a few minutes, and sometimes before the fire brigade arrives, the street, and all approaches to the burning building are blocked with an excited, swaying mob. It is only with very great difficulty that such a crowd is moved aside to allow the brigade to begin their work.

My experience is that without the assistance of the police the firemen would be almost hopelessly handicapped in the fight. There is something morbid in the nature of those people who rise from their beds even in the most inclement weather to see a building burn, and to "enjoy" the excitement of witnessing the terrible and distressing scenes which too often occur when the scene of the fire happens to be an old and badly placed tenement house, full of people.

On this particular occasion it is to such a spectacle that we hurry. On arrival we have simply to fight the enormous crowd to force it backwards. Men and women have been struggling to get a good view of the fire and the work of rescue, hampering the firemen, and unwittingly doing all they can to make the task more difficult.

Constables are now arriving in rapid succession from outlying stations, until we are nearly two hundred strong, and presently we have cleared ample space. The work of rescue is continued, and a score of half-dressed, scared men, hysterical women, and crying children are taken in safety to places of refuge in the neighbourhood.

But it is almost dawn before the fire is got under, and the brigade and police are able to retire to their stations.

Then another day begins.

THE POET IN TOWN.

He eyed the traffic, pondered then
In philosophic fashion, thus:
"How easy 'tis to fancy, when"—
He skipped aside before a 'bus—

"When you direct your thoughts with care,
That you are many miles away
From all the City's tumult, where"—
He nimbly dodged a brewer's dray—

"Where verdant fields and spreading trees,
Which constitute the country's charm,
Are situated. There at ease"—
A flying hansom shaved his arm—

"At ease, beside some harmless cow
Which grazes on the pastures brown,
You sit—what's that? I hear one now"....
And then the motor ran him down!

LESLIE THOMAS.

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THE LETTING DOWN OF GINGER

A School Story.

By Charles W. Westron.

I.

A biscuit of any other kind would probably have passed unnoticed. It was the fact of its being of ginger extraction that caused the trouble. It came with a jerk from near the bottom of the fifth form, which was on the point of emerging from a somewhat stormy Greek engagement. The biscuit described an artistic curve in space, found its feet when it touched the floor, revolved cheerfully on its own axis, and, finally, its immediate duty done, subsided contentedly, fat, brown, perspiring, ginger to the core.

A half-audible titter ran infectiously round the room.

The face of Ramsay Brooke, the fifth-form master, entered into an immediate competition with his hair. A vivid blush suffused it.

"Merrion," said he, "do me five hundred lines from the third book of—no, we must have some slight regard for your intellectual incapacity, my young friend. We must temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Write out a thousand times, little Merrion, the following confession: 'I am a hungry child, but I must not feed in class!' A thousand times, Merrion. Now you can all go."

The room rapidly emptied, and Merrion, a well-set-up boy of some fifteen summers, his chin high in the air, sauntered along the corridor with his *fidus Achates*, Reeves. There was a forbidding frown on his face.

"I'll get even with Ginger Brooke for that, see if I don't," he muttered. "Silly ass!"

"I should, old feller," said Reeves. "Rather off, wasn't it? What was it he said?"

"Cheer up, little Merrion!" piped a small boy, scuttling past.

Merrion viciously kicked at the wall. "It's all over the place already," he said.

Reeves giggled. "Rough on you. But what was the impot? Never heard anything like it before."

"Shut up," said Merrion. "You know well enough."

"Don't really—didn't quite catch it. Something about a hungry little kid, wasn't it?"

"Then I'll tell you," cried Merrion, biting his lip and reddening. "It was, 'I am a hungry child, but I must not feed in class'—a thousand times. That's what it was. A beastly insult, that's what it is. I might be at a dame's school. Silly ass!"

"Lot of 'em about," said Reeves sententiously.

"What do you mean?" snapped the other.

"Mean? Why, I mean, old chap, that *you* are an ass. You've been ragging old Ginger for weeks, and chucking that biscuit was a mere kid's trick. Besides, you know his red hair is a frightfully tender point with him."

"I'll pay him out all the same," said Merrion. "You see if I don't. I'll let him down."

"How? I'm not exactly nuts on Ginger myself, but he's no fool. You don't find a fool take the degrees he took. He's only twenty-five, too. Besides, he almost got his cricket blue. No, my dear chap, take your uncle's advice. You leave Ginger alone, and,

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perhaps, he'll leave you alone. You didn't score off him so awful much to-day, you know."

"I will to-morrow, though."

"How?"

"Don't know." And Merrion, thrusting his hands in his pockets, strolled away.

An hour afterwards, he met Reeves returning from the fives-court.

"Got it," said Merrion.

"What?"

"The way to let down Ginger."

"Rot!"

"Is it? Look here. Old Ginger is sweet on that girl of the Head's, Mabel, you know. Why, Heaven only knows, I don't. Ordinary sort of girl, I call her. However, Ginger's tremendous spoons on her. Well, listen."

He produced from his pocket a sheet of paper and began to read. This is what he read:

"My Darling Mabel,

"It is not without a feeling of considerable trepidation that I approach you in this manner; for it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that to some it might appear reprehensible to relegate to pen and paper a privilege which might better be left to the tongue."

"My hat!" cried the astonished Reeves. "What are you driving at?"

"Yet," read on Merrion, "I am emboldened to think that you will not judge me thus. I cherish the conviction that however you may answer this letter, you will not answer it harshly; for, surely, you, who are the quintessence of all that is sweet and kind, will have no difficulty in finding excuses for a temerity which has its source in a devotion so profound as to deprive me of all readiness of speech. May I hope? More than that I ask not. I dare not 'put it to the touch to win or lose it all.' Your consent to such an aspiration on my part would straightway transport me to the seventh heaven of bliss; but whether that consent be given or withheld, I shall dare to remain,

"Your devoted

"Ramsay Brooke."

After his first ejaculation, Reeves listened intently, with an expression of blank amazement on his face.

"It's jolly fine," was his comment. "But how on earth did you do it?"

"Got it out of a book," explained the flattered Merrion. "I fancy it's about the thing. There was more in the book, though. Lot about the 'shivering chorus of skylarks.' I cut that, and shut up sharp. Good though, isn't it? Ginger couldn't do better."

By this time they had reached the study which they shared in common. Reeves slammed the door fast.

"What are you going to do with it now you've written it?" he asked.

"Do with it?" cried Merrion. "I am going to send it, my boy. Dear Ramsay! 'He sent a letter to his love.' See? 'Miss Mabel Wetherby.'"

"Don't be an idiot," remonstrated Reeves soberly. "There will be a most frightful row if it's found out."

"It won't be. Look. It's as near as a touch to Ginger's writing. Besides, it's ten to one she doesn't know his writing."

"That makes it worse," pointed out Reeves. "S'pose Ginger collars the letter from the girl, and goes to the Head?"

"He won't collar it, and, if he does, he won't go to the Head. Make him look too much of a goat. Besides, the last thing he would want is for the Head to know he's spoons. Oh, no, it's safe as houses."

"Isn't it playing it rather low down?"

"Hasn't Ginger played it low down?" demanded Merrion.

"He might have done worse—might have stopped your cricket. It's the Bedingham match to-morrow."

"'I am a hungry child, but I must not feed in class'!" said Merrion vindictively.

He turned on his heel and left the room.

II.

Merrion was keen on getting his fifty against Bedingham. It was not that the Bedingham match was so very important. They were strong certainly, and the school played masters against them, but there was more in it than that. The Bedingham match served as a kind of trial for the great Uphurst match, and fifty against Bedingham would, for a certainty, mean a place against Uphurst. So Merrion was keen, very keen. He was a good bat, but he was a bit off his luck. Everything seemed to have gone wrong with him, and three successive ducks had not only affected his nerve, but had made his place in the eleven a precarious one. Merrion was quite aware of the fact, and it was with considerable anxiety that (the school having won the toss) he scanned the list which set forth the order of going in. "Brooke, Merrion," were the first two names, and Merrion heaved a sigh of relief. He had a chance, then, an excellent chance, of retrieving his reputation. His satisfaction, however, was only partial. The first name annoyed Merrion, annoyed him very much.

"Ginger again," he muttered to Reeves as he donned his pads. "Can't get away from that chap."

"You couldn't have a better partner," answered Reeves.

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"I shall be out first ball, and Ginger will rejoice," grumbled Merrion.

With this conviction he went to the wicket, and with this conviction played. He did not get out. That catastrophe he managed to avoid, but he treated the attack with so exaggerated a respect that, at the end of half-an-hour's play, he had scored not even a paltry single, while his partner had been hitting the bowling all over the field. The spectators, too, had begun to resent the tameness of his display. Ironic applause was now greeting his every stroke; and, at last, as he gently patted a mild half-volley back to the bowler, a faint hiss reached his ears.

"Never mind, Merrion, you are quite right to play yourself in," said his partner after the over was called.

"Rather decent of Ginger, that!" thought Merrion.

But he must do something. Better be out and have done with it than stay there to be hissed at. He played half-heartedly at the next ball for all that. Mis-hit it, as a matter of fact. It traveled towards mid-off. Mid-off fumbled.

"Come," cried Merrion, his longing to break his duck getting the better of his judgment.

"No, go back," shouted his partner, as mid off recovered.

But it was too late. Merrion was already two-thirds of the way down the pitch. The position was hopeless. Mid-off—there was plenty of time—tossed the ball up to the wicket which Merrion had just quitted. He stood where he was, staring at its flight. Then he became conscious of a sudden shove in the opposite direction. "Run!" shouted a well-known voice in his ear. He ran, tripped, fell. When he rose, people were cheering, and Ginger Brooke was walking to the pavilion. Then Merrion understood. The hated Ginger had run up the pitch, passed him, and thus sacrificed his own wicket. It was Merrion's partner who was out, and he himself who was still in.

A tumult of emotion filled Merrion's breast. What did it mean? His gaze seemed glued to the retiring figure. Suddenly the master hesitated, turned, and retraced his steps.

"Look here, Merrion," he said cheerily, "have a smack at 'em, my dear chap. The bowling is simple enough. You could hit last year. See if you can't hit this. I'm sure you can."

"All right, sir," said Merrion. "I will."

He did. No more scratching for runs. Merrion took heart of grace, hit, and—a boundary resulting—hit and hit again. He had found himself; it was his day after all. Sixty-six, not out, was his score at the end of the innings.

"You're safe for a place, old man," said Reeves, when that happy consummation had been reached. "But what price Ginger? Most sporting thing I ever saw."

"It was simply frightfully decent of him," agreed Merrion. "I should have been clean out, and entirely my own fault, too. It was a beastly short run at the best."

He whistled dolefully.

"You don't seem particularly joyful," said Reeves.

"It's that confounded letter," said Merrion.

"You haven't sent it?"

"Yes, I have; posted it myself."

Reeves looked blank.

"I'd give a good bit to get it back," went on Merrion. "Ginger's a dashed good sort. I was wrong about him."

"Well, it's done now," said the other. "She won't get it yet awhile, because the post isn't in until nine, and before then she'll have gone to old Lucas' hop. They are all going—Head and all—in a blooming fly; but what's the good of that? She's bound to get it sooner or later."

They relapsed into a gloomy silence. Merrion broke it excitedly.

"I say," said he, "are you sure all the Head's crowd will be away to-night?"

"Absolutely."

"Then I'll do it. I swear I'll do it. I'll get it back, I swear I will. I'll swarm down from the dormitory to-night."

"How?" asked Reeves.

"A rope. I'll buy one in the village."

"Village is out of bounds," pointed out the practical Reeves.

"Oh, blow out of bounds! I tell you I'll swarm down, get into the Head's house, and collar the letter."

Reeves whistled. "I say, that's a pretty big order, isn't it?" said he.

"I'll get it back, I tell you."

"Besides, how are you going to get in?"

"Don't know," said Merrion. "All I know is I'll get it back. I swear I will."

Reeves whistled again.

III.

It was eleven o'clock when Merrion swarmed down the rope—eleven o'clock, and there was no moon. So far, so good. He ran rapidly across the playing-field and arrived at a brick wall which incircled the head-master's garden. There was a door in

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the wall, but it was locked. Merrion withdrew a few paces, took a quick run, jumped, and managed to grasp the coping. With an effort he drew himself up and dropped on the other side. It was a bigger drop than he had expected. A sharp pain shot through his foot, and he found himself sitting on a flower-bed and grasping a twisted ankle. Some minutes he wasted thus; then, with a half-groan, he rose. He could just walk, and that was all.

The house loomed before him. It was not in total darkness. Here and there lights gleamed in windows. But the ground floor was, at any rate, unlit, and not a sound broke the stillness of the night. Merrion made his way to the front entrance. If only the door were not shut! The letter was doubtless in the hall. But the door was shut, and he retraced his steps. The position was simple, if unsatisfactory. The door failing, he must try a window, and there were, Heaven knew, plenty of windows.

Merrion scrutinised the windows. Yes, by all that was lucky, right in front of him, was a window slightly open, easily attainable, too. He gently threw it up, put his knee on the sill, and entered. Now for the letter. From the position of the window, he judged that the room gave on to the hall.

The room was in outer darkness. For a few seconds he groped cautiously for the door, but, the fall of a flimsy chair being the only result of his movements, he desisted, and felt in his pocket for a match.

Just then there was a click. A cluster of electric lights sprang into life, and Merrion staggered back with a quick intake of breath.

He was clearly in the dining-room of the house. Before him stood a slight, fair-haired girl. Her hand was pressed to her side as if to still the beating of her heart, and there was a look, half alarm, half amazement, on her pretty face. Gradually the alarm vanished, and wonder reigned supreme.

"Why, it's one of the boys!" she said in a relieved voice.

Merrion admitted the impeachment.

"Good gracious! Is anything the matter? I suppose you want to see papa, but he is out and won't be back for a long time."

"I don't want to see the Doctor," stammered Merrion with considerable truthfulness.

"Then what do you want? What are you doing in the dark? And oh, how did you get in?"

Merrion did not answer. Here was a pretty mess. He was not prepared with an answer. He had not, indeed, prepared himself for anything but a quick and happy issue from his afflictions. Difficulties there had been, but had he not surmounted them? He had got out of the dormitory, over the wall, into the house; and now, when he might fairly expect to find plain sailing, arose this unlooked-for obstacle. Of all people in the world, except, perhaps, the Headmaster, Merrion would have preferred anyone to his daughter. It stupefied him.

"How did you get in?" anxiously asked the girl. "The door is locked, I know."

"Window," said Merrion, indicating it with a superfluous gesture. "Climbed in."

"Climbed in," she repeated in astonishment. "But why?"

Merrion ventured to look at his fair questioner. The colour was coming back to her face, and there was something almost like a gleam of amusement in her eye. She didn't look such a bad sort, thought Merrion, and she certainly didn't seem so ordinary as he had thought her. She looked, in fact, rather a good sort. Dare he risk it? How would she take it? Dare he?

"Do tell me what it is," she said coaxingly.

"It's the letter," blurted out Merrion.

"The letter?"

"Yes, the letter you've had from old Ginger—from Mr. Brooke, I mean. You've had a letter from Mr. Brooke?"

The girl blushed crimson.

"I came to get it back," said Merrion, setting his teeth. "That's all."

"To get it back! How? Why? Who sent you? Did Mr. Brooke?"

"No," said Merrion, who now felt just a shade less uncomfortable. "Fact is, old Gin—, Mr. Brooke, I mean, had nothing to do with it, nothing at all, nothing whatever, absolutely nothing—I assure you—absolutely."

She sank into a chair with a sigh of perplexity.

"Oh, *do* tell me," she cried. "You say Mr. Brooke sent me a letter, and you have come to get it back, and yet he had nothing to do with it. Do explain. If you don't, I'll, I'll—yes, I'll shake you."

For the first time for many a long hour, Merrion grinned. The idea was too ridiculous. It gave him confidence.

"It's like this," said he. "I've been ragging old Ginger—Mr. Brooke, I mean—for a long time, and he's been equally down on me. I was wrong. I thought he was a beast. Quite a mistake; as a matter of fact, he's quite all right, but I thought otherwise,

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"Why, it's one of the boys! she said in a relieved voice.

and so, you see, I've been ragging him, and he's been equally down on me."

"Yes, yes—you said that before. Do be quicker."

"Well, it's like this," went on Merrion. "For reasons which I needn't bother you with, but which had something to do with a fool's trick of mine in class, old—Mr. Brooke gave me a silly, dame's school impot, and made me the laughing-stock of the whole school. I was so beastly riled, that I lost my hair absolutely. I felt I must get even with old—Mr. Brooke somehow, so I—er—sent the letter."

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Merrion paused with the air of one who has succeeded to perfection in making a complicated matter clear. "Now you understand," said he.

"But I don't; how could you——?"

"Ah," interrupted Merrion hastily, "naturally, having read the letter, you think I couldn't have written it. But I did. Got it out of a book. Had to cut it, though. There was an awful lot of rot about——"

"But why do you want it back?"

"How?"

"Never mind. I got out, hopped over the wall, hurting my ankle like blazes, and came along. Then you turned up and upset the whole show."

There was silence when Merrion finished speaking. Now that the excitement of his explanations was over, he began to realise again that his ankle was hurting him badly, and that a sensation of sickness was rapidly gaining on him. He couldn't say any more. He had explained the matter as well as he was able; and really he felt now as if he didn't care much what happened. As for Mabel Wetherby, her forehead puckered into unaccustomed wrinkles. She seemed lost in thought.

"I think I see," she said presently. "You forged—yes, forged a letter. You meant me to think it came from Mr. Brooke." She blushed again. "You wanted to make fun of him?"

"Yes," said Merrion.

"And of me?"

"I didn't think of you. I said I was a cad," said Merrion wearily.

"You — you," she hesitated, "you meant it to be a love-letter?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"He's awful spoons on you," said Merrion.

She walked to the mantelpiece. There was a mirror over the mantelpiece. Perhaps she wished to see her reflection in it. Possibly she wished to hide her face from Merrion.

"Is he?" she asked softly.

"Of course he is! Everyone knows that," he said feebly.

The note of his voice startled her. She turned quickly. Merrion, his face very white, had subsided in a limp heap on the sofa. She ran to the sideboard, poured brandy into a glass, and made him drink it. Merrion staggered to his feet, murmuring excuses.

"He's awful spoons on you," said Merrion.

"Well, you see, it was a rotten thing to do. I knew I was a cad directly I'd done it, and old—Mr. Brooke was awful sporting to me to-day. Take my word for it, he's a sportsman, is Ginger. So, you see, I had to get the letter back, and, knowing you had gone to a hop, which apparently you haven't——"

"I had a headache."

"Hope you are better," said Merrion politely. "Well, you see, I got out of the dormitory."

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"Poor boy!"

There was a world of sympathy in her voice. How could Merrion have thought her ordinary? Why, she was an angel! Shaken, penitent, in pain, a strange thing happened to Merrion. A tear—just one—trickled down his face.

Then the girl gently took his arm, led him into the hall, and opened the door. It was obvious that, if he were to get back undiscovered, the impetus of the brandy might prove useful.

"I won't tell," said she. "Don't worry about it."

"Thank you awfully, most awfully," said Merrion, who was feeling a little better. "But do give me the letter."

"The letter!" she cried, her eyes, despite herself, dancing with mischief. "Why, I never got the letter. You can't have posted it, my dear boy."

Merrion, half-dazed, stared open-mouthed at her.

"Not posted it?" he stammered. Mechanically he thrust his hand into his breast-pocket and withdrew from it a letter. An accidental ray of moonlight enabled him to decipher the address. The colour rushed back to his face.

"Oh, my great Scott!" he cried incoherently. "There were two of 'em in my pocket, and I forgot it. Oh, my aunt, it was my governor's I posted, and this is yours. And I've gone through it all for nothing—my hat, for nothing. Oh, my hat!"

The girl laughed.

"Thank you awfully, most awfully," said Merrion. "Good-bye."

He limped off cheerily. She watched him until his slim figure was lost in the darkness. There was a curious expression on her face, but resentment had no part in it.

For nothing! Was it for nothing? She gently closed the door, and, singing softly, ascended the stairs.

* * * *

"Done those lines, Merrion?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, tear them up. You needn't show them."

"Thank you, sir."

MY LADY'S POWDER PUFF.

Though her complexion emulates the lily and the rose,
'Tis incomplete without a dash of powder on the nose.
That's why (instead of "hearts" and "darts" and all that sort of stuff)
I raise my voice to celebrate
My lady's powder puff!

Who in such ammunition dare discern the slightest harm?
(Especially when scented with, say, "Violette de Parme.")
Its fame, in prose, to celebrate I feel were not enough,
So call upon my muse to sing
My lady's powder puff.

In summer, it is knotted (to the best of my belief)
In a corner of her dainty, filmy pocket handkerchief.
In winter time, if you explore the lining of her muff,
'Tis ten to one you come upon
My lady's powder puff.

In love, as in most other things, we have our ups and downs—
One day my lady smiles on me, another day she frowns;
Still, undismayed by coldness, undiscouraged by rebuff,
I hope to win the hand that wields
My lady's powder puff.

Ada Leonora Harris.

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MR. X —HIS PAGES.

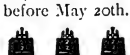
Being—Popular Pages of Perplexing Problems, Puns, Puzzles, and Playful Posers, Propounded for the Perusal of Perspicacious Persons, Particularly those Pining to Procure Puzzle Penknives, Puzzle Purses, and Packs of Playing Cards.

Puzzle Penknives, Packs of ROYAL Playing-cards, or Puzzle Purses will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X," and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

How to Catch Five Shillings.

It is very simple. All you have to do is to send "Mr. X" an original catch after the style of those he publishes every month. "Ripe Old Age," "A Warm Affair," "A Stirring Adventure," and "Magnificent Feet," in these pages, are examples. Please remember that they must be original. Every post brings "Mr. X" numbers of "catches" which have already appeared in his pages. He thought them very funny once, but he has grown horribly tired of them now. To the sender of what is, in "Mr. X's" opinion, the best "catch," he will give a prize of Five Shillings. A puzzle penknife, purse, or a pack of ROYAL playing-cards will be given for every other "catch" printed.

Letters must be marked "Catch," addressed "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and posted to reach him before May 20th.



Ripe Old Age.

GREY: "Most extraordinary thing; do you know that my father is still growing?"

BROWN: "Rubbish; why he's about sixty."

GREY: "Yes, that's just the remarkable part of it. He's grown three inches in the last three months."

BROWN: "Utterly impossible."

GREY: "Fact, I assure you. Started growing a beard."

A Simple Card Trick.

Place face downwards upon the table two heaps of cards—one composed of any ten cards, the other of the four tens.

Now request some one mentally to choose one heap. Then say, "I will now write down the heap you have chosen," and proceed to write—"the heap chosen is the ten heap."

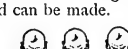
Fold the paper and give it to some one to hold. Now request the chooser to show the heap selected. If he turns up the heap containing ten cards, it is obvious that you have guessed rightly, "the ten heap."

If he turns up the four tens, it is obvious again that you have rightly guessed "the ten heap."

A Cryptogram.

P N L L E E E E S S S S S

Of these letters a single well-known English word can be made. What is it?



A Warm Affair.

NED: "Do you know how to get a hot meal without cooking—without using fire or flame of any sort?"

TED: "No. It's impossible."

NED: "Not at all. Eat bread and mustard."

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The Attributes of Kate.

The attributes of Kate will be found by answering each of the following questions with a word ending in "cate." Thus: the answer to "Kate seldom tells the truth" is "Prevaricate."

1. Kate seldom tells the truth?
2. Kate is frail and dainty?
3. Kate has a twin sister?
4. Kate goes to the country?
5. Kate is humble, anxious, always expressing regret?
6. Kate resigns her power to another?
7. Kate is an eloquent pleader?
8. Kate is perplexing and cannot be read at a glance?
9. Kate kindly points out the way?
10. Kate has a strong influence for evil, excites and stupefies?
11. Kate helps people out of difficulties?
12. Kate will die deprived of air?
13. Kate oils her sewing machine and bicycle.

Another Draught Puzzle.

Recently "Mr. X" asked his readers to place eight men on a draught-board so that no two were in a line horizontally or diagonally. Here is a considerably harder version of the same trick. The diagram shows a draught-board on which it is again required to place eight men so that no two

57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

are in line. But draughts may not be placed on the shaded squares, and one of the eight must be placed on the square numbered seven. The best plan is to cover the diagonal squares with white draughts, place one black draught on square 7, and then proceed to set out the remaining seven black. Now then?

A Stirring Adventure.

Jones: "Did you read about that man who swallowed his tea-spoon?"

Brown: "No. What happened to him?"

Jones: "Oh, he can't stir."

"Mr. X" in Stamps.

The above striking portrait of your old friend is a reproduction from a most ingenious picture of "Mr. X" made by one of his readers from foreign stamps. In the original there are nine different colours and thirty-five different stamps. It hangs, framed, over "Mr. X's" desk.

Magnificent Feet.

George: "I'm no good at running, but I ought to be pretty hard to beat at long-jumping."

Henry: "Why, what's your best?"

George: "Never measured; but I always get two feet over the mark."

SOLUTIONS.

A Cryptogram.—Sleeplessness.

The Attributes of Kate.—(1) Prevaricate, (2) delicate, (3) duplicate, (4) rusticate, (5) deprecate, (6) abdicate, (7) advocate, (8) intricate, (9) indicate, (10) intoxicate, (11) extricate, (12) suffocate, (13) lubricate.

Another Draught Puzzle.—The draughts should be placed on squares 12, 18, 32, 38, 41, 51, and 61.

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The Story of a Ducking.

By Fox Russell.

My friend Haultite is a man of mark in the boat-racing world. His skill in handling small craft is only equaled by his enthusiasm for the sport. So when, one day, I received an invitation from him to "run down to Benbrace for a bit of boat sailing," I anticipated a treat, and I got it.

Haultite met me at the station, and we drove to his lodgings. At dinner that night he said:

"There's the race for Mrs. Toplift's cup for Redwings coming off to-morrow. My boat has been going well lately, though never quite winning anything; but I think, properly handled, she'll just about do the trick this time. You'll have to be 'crew' to me."

I may here explain for the benefit of the uninitiated that, in this class of small racing boat, each craft carries but two, the helmsman and one other, popularly denominated the "crew."

"Yes," said Haultite, surveying me rather as a butcher would an ox, "in anything like light weather your weight—I don't suppose you're much over ten stone—will do capitally. You see, I'm fourteen, so I don't want another heavy man in the boat. You'll do well for 'crew.'"

I did not feel quite so confident.

"Er—well—you see, I've not had much experience in small boats since my young days, and I have never been in a Redwing in my life."

"Oh, perfectly simple, my dear fellow, perfectly simple," broke in Haultite, who always makes light of difficulties. Breezy creature, Haultite.

Next morning, after a hearty breakfast (Haultite ate forty prawns in addition to the ordinary matutinal eggs and bacon), we lit our pipes and rowed off in the dinghy to Haultite's racing-boat.

In this description of boat (Redwings) the sails and names alike are mostly suggestive of red, as, *e.g.*, *Flamingo*, *Prawn*, *Red Mullet*, etc. Haultite had named his craft *Beetroot*.

My host's face was radiant as he climbed on board and made the dinghy fast astern.

"Now, old chap," he exclaimed, "get in and then take hold of the bailer and set to work; she's got a fairish lot of water in her, so I dare say the job will keep you amused for the best part of an hour, whilst I get these sails set."

I smothered a sigh, and grasped the tin bowl.

"Er—couldn't I be more usefully employed in—er—in—oh, well, hauling at ropes and things, and trying to find out which rope belongs to which sail?" I ventured.

"Oh, that'll come instinctively," returned Haultite; "don't you worry about *that*, but fire away at the bailing; the starting gun'll go in less than an hour's time."

And then he turned away to tie himself up apparently, in sails and ropes, whilst I bent to the uncongenial task of bailing. Blow bailing!

I bailed till my back nearly broke, and then Haultite interrupted me to say:

"Soon as you've done that—by Jove, how slow you are, old chap; you've hardly made any impression on the water yet—you might start rubbing up the brass work."

I suppressed a groan, and renewed my frantic efforts with the bailer.

By the time I had succeeded in nearly clearing the *Beetroot* of water, and securing the certainty of an attack of lumbago, Haultite

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was ready to get under way. So the brass-work went by the board, and I heaved a sigh of relief.

Haultite passed the dinghy's painter along for me to make fast to the moorings. Then he cast off the rope which held us, and away bounded the *Beetroot*. Haultite's face was full of the import and excitement of the moment. He put the helm over, and round we spun like a top, just as it had seemed to me that we must collide with another competitor, then sailing perilously close to us.

"Now sit down, old chap—sit right down in the bottom of the boat."

"But, my dear Haultite, the floor's all wet! I can't——"

"Down you go, quick, or the boom'll catch you. You'll be all right."

I thought *not*, but had, perforce, to comply.

"Slack your lee runner," suddenly yelled Haultite, and, scrambling to my knees, I made a frantic grab at the wrong rope, and, just at that moment, the five minutes' gun was fired. I mistook it for the signal to start, and cried: "Hurrah, we're off!"

Haultite explained.

All the contestants were now tearing up and down behind the imaginary line, in a momentarily freshening breeze, awaiting the signal to start. Haultite pointed out to me which was the lee runner, and which were the fore-sheets, and I strenuously endeavoured to locate them in my own mind. A strong, squally puff suddenly struck us, and the little craft buried her lee side in the rushing water, whilst I hastily scrambled up to windward.

"Er—aren't these boats a bit—er—unsafe—as it were?" I ventured to ask.

"Yes, they *are* a bit crank—still, we've never drowned anyone—yet."

"Well, that is, of course—er—reassuring," I began dubiously, and wishing myself safely ashore again, when Haultite suddenly cut me short.

"Duck your head! I'm coming about."

"Bang!"—the starting-gun was making its usual announcement—and when, having successfully evaded the sharp swing of the boom, I again raised my head, we were all racing away down the harbour towards the open sea.

"Sit down, old chap—sit right down," cried Haultite again, "never mind the water in the boat—you'll soon get used to the feeling of that."

Reluctantly I sat down—in four or five inches of water—which "swashed" up and down and from side to side till I was thoroughly wet, cold, and miserable. Haultite was enjoying himself hugely. We were passing rapidly through the little fleet of Redwings, and the boat was traveling splendidly.

"Get hold of your foresheet." He spoke in a hoarse whisper—"Don't let go till I tell you—yes, you can kneel up now—I forgot you might like to have an occasional view of the race"—for, sitting at the bottom of the boat, I could see absolutely nothing—"now, stand by—leggoyourforesheet—haul in and make fast—jammed your fingers? Oh, that's all right, don't apologise—I say, old chap, we're doing well, eh? Sure to overhaul the two leaders on the next tack—now get ready for rounding the first buoy."

I thought we should run right into, instead of round, the buoy. However, we just managed to shave the situation and save the buoy—I mean, save the situation and shave the buoy—by a miracle. Haultite was reckless; to gain a yard in a competition he would have abandoned the dearest principles of his life.

With a terrific bang the boom swung over, just missing my head, and away we sped on the other "leg" of the triangular course, marked by an anchored empty boat, with a red flag fixed in her.

Soon the breeze began to get lighter, and Haultite showed signs of growing agitation, lest we should lose our advantageous position,

"Set the spinnaker, old boy," he cried excitedly.

I caught frantically at a rope, which proved to be one of the main halliards, when a frenzied yell from Haultite arrested my action, and froze my blood at the same time.

"Not *that!* Here, catch hold of the tiller while I—no, here—take a pull on the—confound the thing! it's got foul—just my luck! Look here, you'll have to go up aloft and clear it, my dear fellow—awfully sorry to ask you to do such a dangerous job, but you're three or four stone lighter than I am, and——"

"B—b—but not so active, nor so young," I began in alarmed tones. The prospect was appalling.

"Well, I'd go up myself; but, you see, withdrawing fourteen stone of ballast from the boat and putting it on to the mast would almost certainly capsize her, and——"

"For goodness' sake, then, don't attempt it," I broke in hastily. "I will do my best,

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Gasping for breath . . . I rose to the surface.

though I'm not exactly an acrobat—but it is a terrible alternative."

"Nonsense, man!" he replied cheerily; "you'll skip up there like a young ram!"

I could not forbear commenting in rather severe tones at this wantonly provocative speech. I said:

"Haultite, I will attempt this feat, though I am not physically qualified for its execution. In fact, I feel more as if I were going to my *own*. And I shall certainly *not* 'skip up there like a young ram.' I shall go extremely slowly, exercising all possible precautions. You seem to think I'm a contortionist."

"Well, cut along, old boy, and look as sharp as you can. Every moment's of consequence!"

Yes, I thought bitterly, "every moment's of consequence," but my life is of *none!* I took off my coat—not without a fearful glance or two upwards to the top of the thin, unsubstantial mast—and slowly began my perilous ascent.

Picture me, a staid and highly-respected citizen, of middle-age and unblemished reputation, clinging desperately to a tapering, slender mast, and feeling very like a bear on a pole ("monkey on a stick" was Haultite's unmannerly comment), whilst the cranky little boat swayed and curtsied to the waves. What, I dimly wondered, would my friends on 'Change, or my colleagues on the board of the "Stolidity Life Assurance Company" have said could they have seen me "shinning" up aloft, like some foremast hand or knickerbockered schoolboy! I groaned in spirit as I endeavoured to carry out Haultite's shouted directions from below:

"Reeve that tack—no, no, my dear fellow, if you *will* keep on lugging at the wrong thing you'll have the sails all about our ears directly! Keep hold of the mast with your right hand—that's it—now get your knee on the—oh, by Jove, you're overboard!"

For, with a wicked "jump," the *Beetroot* had leapt at a big wave, missed it, and came down into the succeeding hollow with such a crash as literally to shake me off her. My always insecure hold on the mast suddenly

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relaxed—the mast itself seemed to be torn from my trembling grasp. I flew through the air like a ball, and next minute was buried beneath the ice-cold billows.

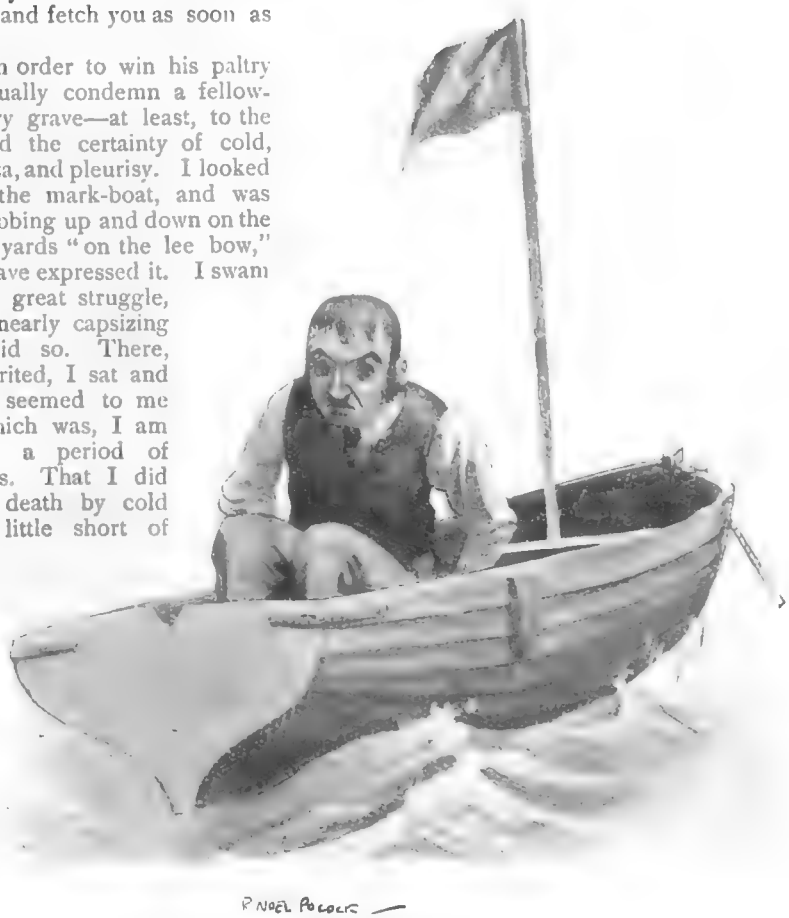
Gasping for breath, and struggling for dear life, I rose to the surface and gazed wildly about me across the waste of waters. The *Beetroot* was already many yards away from me, and I momentarily expected her to round to and come to pick me up. But Haultite's brutal words, shouted at me from the stern of the boat, quickly dispelled this hope, and left me struggling, paralysed with horror, and the thought of "man's inhumanity to man."

"So glad you're all right!—jolly lucky you clutched hold of that rope and got it clear for me as you fell—think I shall win now—just you swim to the mark-boat and climb in and amuse yourself for an hour or so, and I'll sail out and fetch you as soon as the race is over!"

The monster! In order to win his paltry race, he could actually condemn a fellow-creature to a watery grave—at least, to the chance of that, and the certainty of cold, pneumonia, influenza, and pleurisy. I looked around wildly for the mark-boat, and was relieved to see it bobbing up and down on the waves about twenty yards "on the lee bow," as Haultite would have expressed it. I swam to it, and, after a great struggle, clambered in, very nearly capsizing the boat as I did so. There, dripping and dispirited, I sat and shivered for what seemed to me an eternity, but which was, I am credibly informed, a period of about forty minutes. That I did not come to my death by cold and exposure is little short of miraculous, and certainly nothing to thank Haultite for.

At the end of that time, a committee boat was rowed out to my ark of safety, and a supercilious gentleman, with a large blue favour in his coat, who was seated in the stern, asked, in disagreeable and authoritative tones, what I meant by "tampering with the mark-boat" I explained, whereupon he sneered unbelievingly, and took me off, requesting me, however, at the same time to keep up in the bows so as not to drip over him. To this day, I think that the man is under the impression that my story of falling overboard was concocted, and that, like a seagull, I must have *flown* into the mark-boat.

After a miserable twenty minutes' row, I rushed up to our lodgings, had a rub down with a rough towel, changed into dry clothes, and, not even waiting to hear the result of the race or to heap well-deserved reproaches on Haultite's head, shook the dust of Benbrace off my feet for ever.



There, dripping and dispirited, I sat and shivered.

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The Romance of the Y.M.C.A.

Photo The Draycott Galleries.

The late Sir George Williams, founder of the Y.M.C.A.

Its Achievements since the Date of its Foundation.

By H. J. Holmes.

Between 1841 and 1844 there had entered the drapery establishment of Mr. George Hitchcock, 72 St. Paul's Churchyard, London, a few serious young men.

Among those serious young men was one named George Williams, the son of a yeoman farmer who lived near Dulverton.

The general conduct of the young men employed in the drapery trade at that time was anything but saintly; indeed, a writer of the period has declared their condition to be deplorable.

Now, young George Williams was not satisfied with refraining from the questionable indulgences of thoughtless youth; he had the pluck to try to get others to regard the outlook on life from his point of view. As already indicated, there were just a few others in the Hitchcock establishment with similar aspirations.

It will be easily understood that George Williams, even with the assistance of these kindred souls, had rather an uphill task in endeavouring to impress the young men of his generation with the fact that they had responsibilities. But he happened to be a very persevering sort of person. He was thoroughly enthusiastic, which was useful when he wanted to give heart to his comrades in the crusade. They used to meet in turn in their tiny rooms at Hitchcock's, and quietly talk over matters, wondering how best they could bring it about, and what means they could employ, in their own small way, to push along the work of helping other young fellows in a more rational course of life.

Exeter Hall, Headquarters of the Y.M.C.A.

Knowing perfectly well that there was plenty of enjoyment to be got out of life without "going the pace," they resolved to do their utmost to bring the fact home to those whom they met and conversed with every day at desk and counter. They were never aggressive. A quiet, friendly chat could not be resented; cordial invitations were given to "Williams' room," where a homely feeling prevailed, and the newcomer was welcomed, and was glad to come again.

One Sunday evening, in the latter end of May, 1844,

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The room in which the first meeting of the Y.M.C.A. was held.

young George Williams introduced some views of his own to his friend, "Teddy" Beaumont. He pointed out that if a few earnest, devoted, self-denying men could be found to unite themselves together with the determined object of introducing into other business establishments such a useful fellowship as they themselves enjoyed at Hitchcock's, a lot of good might be done. "Teddy" quite fell in with the idea, and it was promptly resolved to call a meeting of those who might be relied upon in the house to discuss the subject.

On June 6th following, the meeting was held in a little room at 72 St. Paul's Churchyard. A Mr. James Smith, invited from another house of business, was made chairman. Including this Mr. Smith, there were twelve young men present, and it may be interesting to give the names of those who were responsible for inaugurating one of the most interesting and useful organisations of modern times. They were George Williams, C. W. Smith, Norton Smith, Edward Valentine, Edward Beaumont, Edward Glasson, Francis Cockett, Edward Rogers, John Harvey, John C. Symons, and William Creese. The two last-named acted as secretaries.

A most remarkable coincidence, and one which was not noticed until more than forty years later, happened in connection with the constitution of that meeting. The twelve founders of the Y.M.C.A. represented in equal numbers the four principal religious denominations.

Several titles were suggested for the new society, and it was not until the fifth night of meeting that the proposition of Mr. C. W. Smith to call it "The Young Men's Christian Association"—as it is now known in every corner of the globe—was adopted. The first meeting-place rented by the Association cost 2s. 6d. per week.

Many things have happened since that memorable 6th of June, 1844. The man in whose brain the idea originated became Sir George Williams, having been knighted by Her late Majesty Queen Victoria on the occasion of the Y.M.C.A. jubilee in 1894, and passed to his rest on November 6th last year.

Before the aged founder—he was in his eighty-fifth year—died, the little gathering of twelve at 72 St. Paul's Churchyard, had grown into 7773 branches of the Association, in forty-five nationalities, planted in almost every part of the world, owning buildings valued at no less than £7,359,520 sterling, and with a total membership of more than 721,000. Of course, such success has required a tremendous expenditure of

Foreign Department of the Y.M.C.A., Shanghai.

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Photo

2400 Y.M.C.A. delegates photographed on——

energy and thought, right away from the beginning.

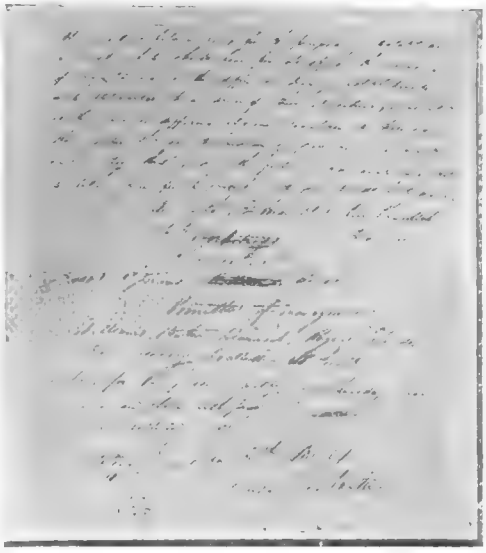
A committee of management having been formed, its initial efforts were addressed to the work of uniting with themselves any young men possessing similar aspirations, who might be found in other business houses. They met from time to time, their numbers growing steadily. Much opposition and many difficulties had to be overcome. But the movement triumphed. The general meetings were first held at 72 St. Paul's Churchyard; then, for a few months, at a small coffee-house in a court off Ludgate Hill. In October, 1844, they were removed to a room at Radley's Hotel, Bridge Street, Blackfriars; thence, in 1849, to Gresham Street; and, in 1854, to Aldersgate Street, which continued to be the headquarters of the parent association until 1881.

About a year after the inauguration of the Y.M.C.A. an enlargement of plan was adopted, and in due time mutual improvement classes were added to the inducements offered to young men. Membership continued to increase. To Ireland, in 1849, the movement extended, the first branch being formed in Dublin in that year. In 1851 the Earl of Shaftesbury entered office as President of the London Association, and the work extended itself to Canada and the United States, Montreal and Boston being the centres first to move.

Mr. W. H. Mills, Secretary of the English National Council, Y.M.C.A.

Paris was next on the list, Pastor Paul Cook forming a Y.M.C.A., on the same lines as the parent Association, as the result of a visit by Mr. Williams to that city.

In 1855 some members of the London body formed the first Australian Association at Sydney; whilst another member from the old country was instrumental in starting the work at Auckland, New Zealand. The year 1865 saw the first Y.M.C.A. in South Africa, a branch being formed at Cape Town.



Minute of the first meeting of the Y.M.C.A. Original draft.

The first International Conference was held in Paris in 1855. The foundation stone of the first Y.M.C.A.—their *very* own — building was laid by Mr. Williams at Ryde in 1866. The first district union of the Association was formed at Stockton-on-Tees in 1867. The first branch of the Association in India was

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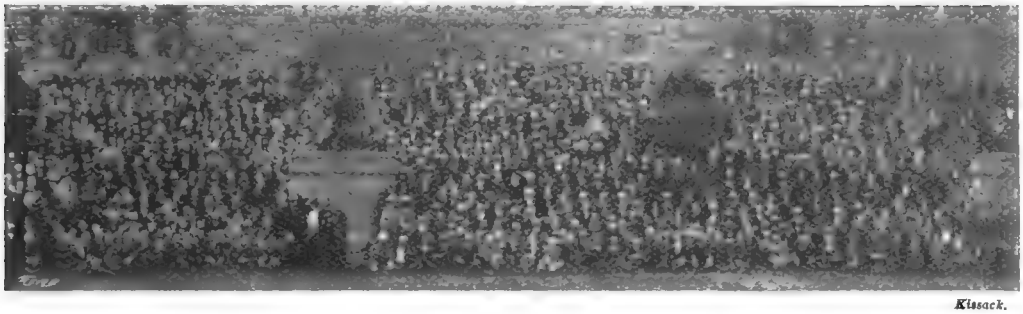

Kissack.

——the East Terrace, Windsor Castle, June 7th, 1894.

inaugurated in 1870. The first seaside home for members was opened in 1873 at Hazelwood, Isle of Wight.

Over £100,000 was spent on new buildings in the provinces in 1876. The evidence of the great extent to which the work had grown was given in 1880 and 1881 by the purchase of Exeter Hall as the headquarters of the Associations, at a cost, including additions and adaptations, of £55,000.

Exterior of a Y.M.C.A. Volunteer Tent

During all these years Mr. Williams had continued, with unabated interest, to guide the destinies of the organisation, with the late Mr. Wm. E. Shipton as general secretary, from 1851 to 1880. When the headquarters were moved to Exeter Hall the work had reached gigantic proportions, and Mr. W. Hind Smith, who had succeeded Mr. Shipton, found himself confronted by an immense responsibility.

It was through the munificence of five good men that the Y. M. C. A. was enabled, in 1881, to take over Exeter Hall. Mr. Williams had prospered in his business relations as rapidly as in his great religious undertaking—his old firm being now known under the style of Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams, & Co. He was thus enabled to give bounteously when the acquisition of Exeter Hall became a matter of £ *s. d.*

Exeter Hall is built on the site of a mansion presented by Queen Elizabeth to Sir William Cecil, the founder of the great Cecil family. The old Exeter 'Change was almost on the same spot as this building, as was that one-time famous institution known as the Exeter Menagerie. It was in 1831 that the existing building was erected by Deering, the well-known architect, as a "House of Religion, Charity, and Science." During its existence its platforms have been graced by the presence, and its walls have resounded with the voices of many distinguished and famous speakers.

Interior of a Y.M.C.A. Volunteer Tent.

It was here, in 1840, that the late Prince Consort made his first public speech on the slavery question. Livingstone here aroused missionary enthusiasm. The great Irish orator, O'Connell, Elihu Burritt, Thomas Clarkson, and many others

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Home of the Y.M.C.A. at Stuttgart—the finest and most modern of the German buildings.

were heard in the earlier part of the Hall's history. In later years Lord Shaftesbury, Spurgeon, and Ward Beecher poured out their loftiest thoughts there; and one of Lord Salisbury's most famous speeches was delivered there just a year before his death.

It was in Exeter Hall that the agitation was started in England against State lotteries; whilst the abolition of capital punishment except for murder owes much to its advocates who first voiced public opinion at the well-known Strand building.

When the Y.M.C.A. purchased Exeter Hall in 1881, the number of religious festivals held there was 100. During the twenty-four succeeding years the number has risen enormously. Last year (1905) over 400 "May" meetings were held within the historic walls.

Here, in 1894, the Jubilee of the Y. M. C. A. was celebrated under the presidency of the founder, who was knighted on this occasion. Nearly 2000 delegates—representing 5158 different centres and the then total membership of 467,515—were gathered together from every corner of the world. There were then 843 centres in the United Kingdom, with 87,464 members. London had 73 associations with a roll of 11,684 members. Truly a wonderful record for half-a-century's work!

Amongst the distinguished visitors welcomed at headquarters during the Jubilee were His Highness Prince Oscar Bernadotte, President of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. in Sweden; Prince Leven, Russia; Count Bernstorff, Berlin; Count von Moltke, Denmark; M.M. Alfred André and Jules Siegfried, Paris; the Hon. J. Wanamaker and Cornelius Vanderbilt, America, and many others.

The opening services at Westminster Abbey, when the late Bishop of London preached the sermon; the thanksgiving service at St. Paul's, at which the Bishop of Ripon addressed the delegates; the visit to Windsor Castle on the invitation of the late Queen; and the daily conference meetings at Exeter Hall—all gave proof of the marvelous power of the movement for the betterment of young men.

And as the representatives rose and told their respective stories of the growth of the Association in the various countries, many remarkable facts were made public.

The Rev. Mr. Klug, of Barmen, stated that in 1848 the first German Y. M. C. A. Confederation was founded. It consisted of nine small associations then recently formed. The number had increased in 1894 to 1200, with a total membership of 65,000. During the past ten years the movement has grown at an equally rapid pace.

Bath at the Stuttgart Y.M.C.A. building.

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Some of the Y.M.C.A's coloured members. The Adukrom, Gold Coast Colony, branch.

In Germany, as in most other places, the associations in the beginning were looked at with a distrustful smile; they were even mocked at, and thought a hobby of some whimsical heads. It is striking how much the opinion of the value of the Association work has changed throughout the land of the Kaiser. It now meets with almost universal support and encouragement.

From France, too, came a striking story. Starting in a very humble way, the movement had tremendous obstacles to overcome—obstacles the extent of which may be judged by those who know anything of the country. The Association now possesses in Paris one of its finest buildings, and throughout France there are nearly 150 branches.

Mr. G. N. Bierce, the delegate from the United States and Canada, gave a short but interesting sketch of the then position of the work in the great countries he was representing.

The Accra Y.M.C.A.

"There are now in existence," he said, "1397 associations in the United States and Canada, reporting a membership of 232,653, and 291 of these associations own their own buildings, valued at something over fifteen million dollars. One hundred other associations own real estate amounting to 1,222,000 dollars. . . . There are 444 college Y.M.C. Associations, and 98 railway associations. In addition, we have special branches of work amongst the Indians, and amongst the German-speaking young men and others. All these associations are carrying on a spiritual and social work, and a very large proportion of them are also carrying forward a physical work by means of gymnasia, and a great educational work. This last-named phase we regard as most promising."

Ten years have elapsed since the above words were spoken on the platform at Exeter Hall. The forward movement has never ceased. There are now nearly 400,000 members; the buildings being valued at over £5,000,000.

A Student Association outing, Osaka, Japan.

Similar reports of steady progress were made during the Jubilee proceedings by representatives of almost every country in the world, who had come to London to give their testimony of the success of the Y.M.C.A. movement abroad as well as at home.

The Y.M.C.A. has, at least, given to young men of character all over the kingdom, and, by degrees, all over the world, a rallying ground whereon they have exercised an influence which, as unsupported units, they could never have wielded.

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CAP AND BELLS

THE COOK.

Hotel Metropole,
Lucerne.

Dear Mrs. Black,
They forwarded
To this address your note, in which
You ask if I can recommend
To you my late cook, Sarah Fitch.

She was with me for nigh a year,
And I am very pleased to say
I found her strictly temperate,
And just as honest as the day.

She never pilfered anything,
Nor stole the sugar or the tea;
She had no thirsty followers,
She had no hungry family.

She hardly ever left the house;
A Sunday evening now and then
Was all she ever asked me for,
And never stayed out after ten.

In fact, she was a paragon,
To lose her cut me like a sword.
She would be with me now, had not
My doctor ordered me abroad.

If I can help you any more,
Pray do not hesitate to write.
With very kind regards, Believe
Me, Yours sincerely,
Edna White.

P.S.—In writing the above,
One thing I chanced to overlook—
Sarah had just one little fault,
'Twas nothing much—she could not cook.

NOT SO BAD.

The mother said "Beware"
Oh, daughter mine, take care!
You'll find that everywhere
Are hateful microbes lurking.
They haunt the atmosphere;
They lie in wait, I hear,
In water seeming clear,
For your destruction working.

"They're found in books and clothes,
As everybody knows:
They bring unnumbered woes,
Whene'er you chance to strike them.
On whiskered face they hide,
On human lips abide——"
"Why then," the maiden cried,
"I think I rather like them."

* * * * *

ACCORDING TO INSTRUCTIONS.

MISTRESS: "Why, Bridget, what on earth are you doing with all the broken dishes on the shelf?"

BRIDGET: "Sure, mum, yez towld me Oi wur to replace every one Oi broke."

* * * * *

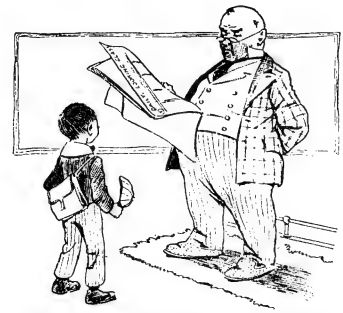
IN A HURRY.

"Ethel," he whispered, "will you marry me?"

"I don't know, Charlie," she replied coyly.

"Well, when you find out," he said rising, "send me word, will you? I shall be at Mabel Hicks' until ten o'clock. If I don't hear from you by ten, I am going to ask her."

* * * * *



Father (who has been helping a son in his school work): "What did the teacher remark when you showed him the translation?"

John: "He said I was getting more stupid every day."

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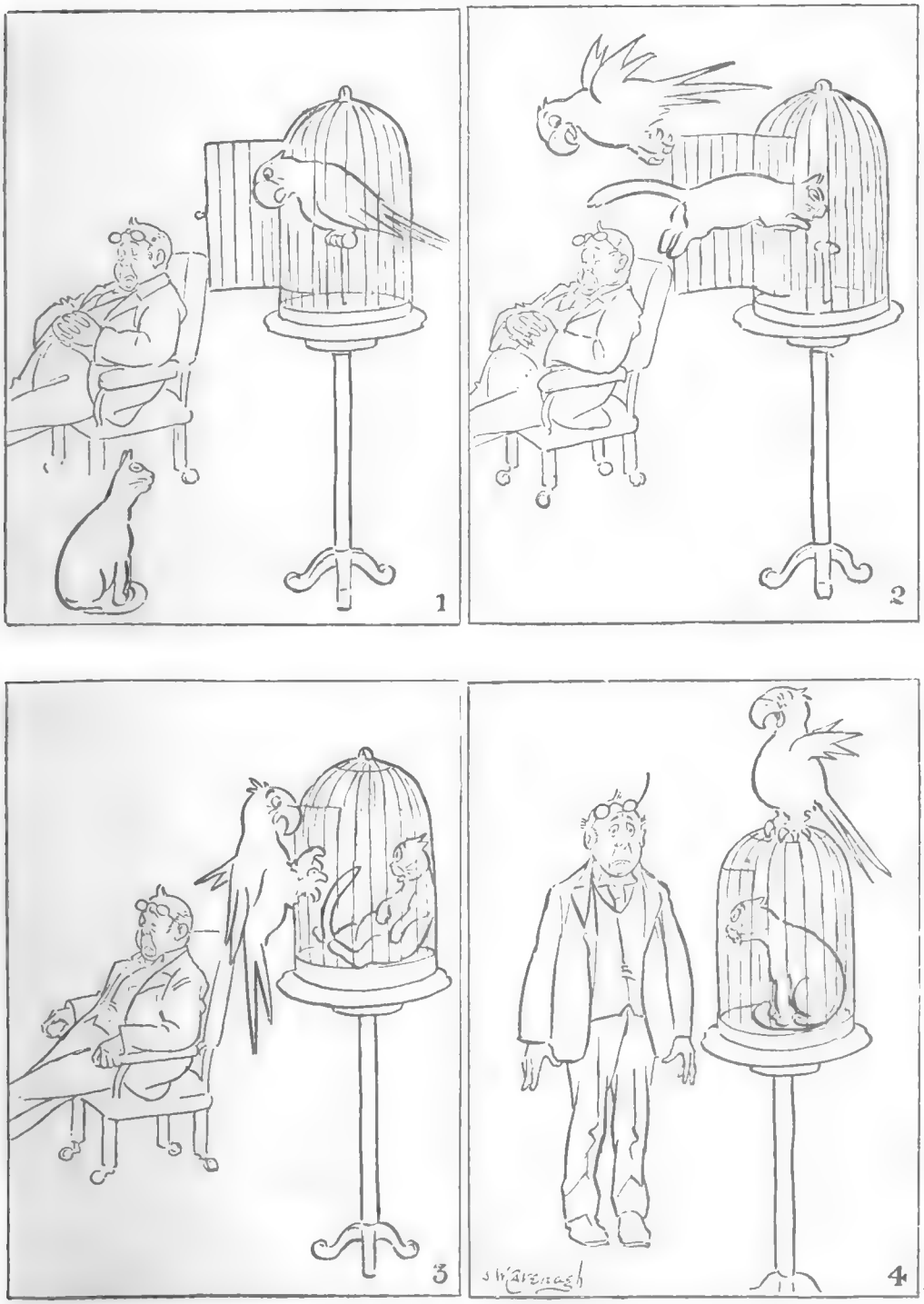
THE ARTFUL PARROT.

A Story Without Words.



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NOTHING TO HINDER NOW.

LOVER: "You are getting prettier every day."

SWEET GIRL: "Just now I am living on brown bread and water, to improve my complexion."

"How long can you keep that up?"

"Oh, indefinitely."

"Then let's get married."

* * * *

AN INCONVENIENT BOTTLE.

An old farmer, who had been to the Metropolis, was describing to his friends the splendour of the hotel at which he stayed.

"Everything was perfect," he said, "all but one thing. They kept the light burning all night in my bedroom, a thing I ain't used to."

"Well," said one wag, "why didn't you blow it out?"

"Blow it out!" said the farmer. "How could I? The thing was inside a bottle!"

* * * * *

HAD SOME IDEA OF IT.

WIGGLES: "Can you speak French?"

WAGGLES: "A little. That is, I can shrug my shoulders."

You never find a man who owns a diamond scarf-pin wearing a long beard.

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

MATER: "Mary's young man has left already, and she has gone to her room in tears. I wonder what the matter is?"

PATER: "Give it up. What are you laughing about, Willie?"

WILLIE: "They had a quarrel; I heard 'em. Sis said she was givin' him more kisses than he was givin' her, and he said it wasn't so. Then they both got cross."

* * * *

A MODEST REQUEST.

LADY: "I have given you sixpence, what more do you want?"

TRAMP: "I'm afraid that policeman is going to arrest me."

LADY: "How can I prevent that?"

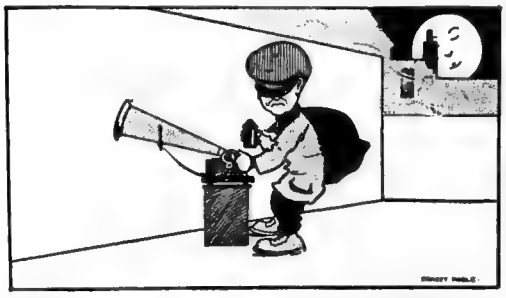
TRAMP: "Just take my arm and be talking to me lovingly, and he will think I'm your husband and let us pass."

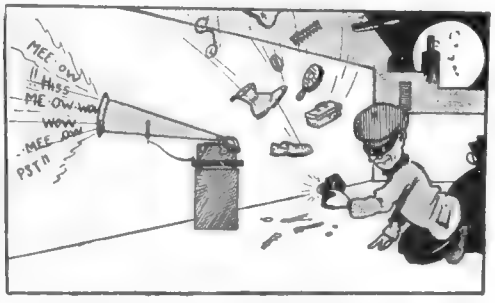
* * * *

NONE SO BLIND.

SHE (blushing slightly): "Do you know, George, I've sometimes heard it said that in ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for a headache."

HE (with monumental stupidity): "A headache is something I've never had."





GENIUS REWARDED.

Burglar: "Now, I place my famous cat-fight record in my gramophone—

—and behold the result. Dear me, I shall be able to set up as a general dealer."

THE WRONG INSTRUMENT.

IRATE FATHER: "Here, I've paid you no telling how much money to teach my daughter music, and she can't play any better than she did before. Whose fault is that?"

PROFESSOR VAN NOTE: "Ze fault of ze instrument. I haf von instrument in my shop which she learn to blay soon."

IRATE FATHER: "Huh! Is it like this?"

PROFESSOR VAN NOTE: "It look like zis piano, but it go mit a handle."

* * *

HE WAS.

"Are you a marrying man?" was asked of a sombre-looking gentleman at a recent reception.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply; "I'm a clergyman."

The Hon. Algernon Spider is late for his dinner and is in urgent need of a fly!

HER SYSTEM.

PATIENT (to pretty nurse): "Will you be my wife when I recover?"

PRETTY NURSE: "Certainly."

PATIENT: "Then you love me?"

PRETTY NURSE: "Oh, no; that's merely a part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful; I promised this morning to run away with a married man who had lost both his legs."

* * *

QUITE A NATURAL QUESTION.

MR. NEWPOP: "You haven't seen our baby yet. He's only three months old, and he's an awfully smart little chap."

JACK BACHELOR: "That so? Can he—er—sit up on his hind legs and beg?"

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THE ASCENDING SCALE.

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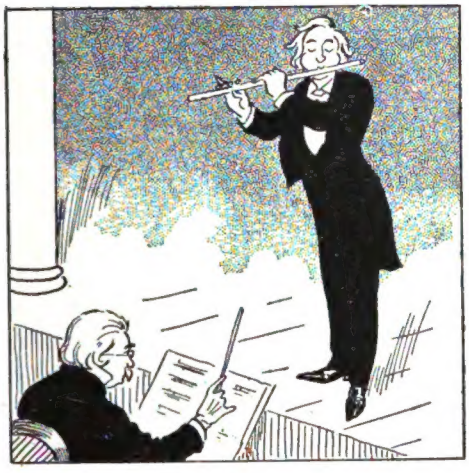

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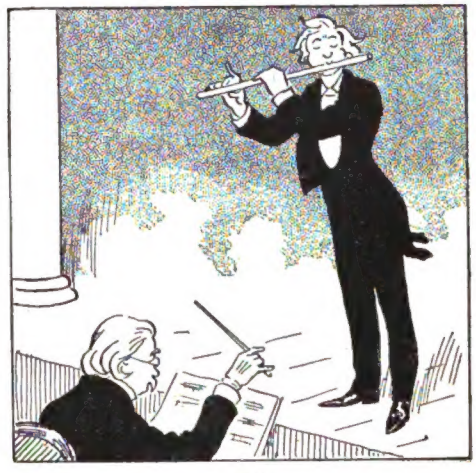

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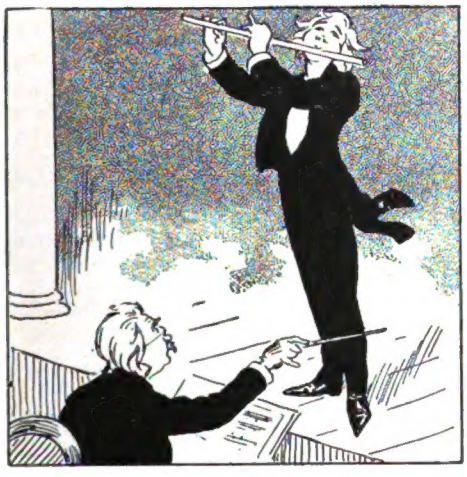

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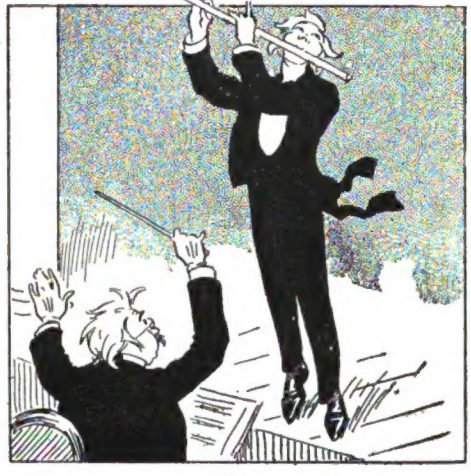

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VI.

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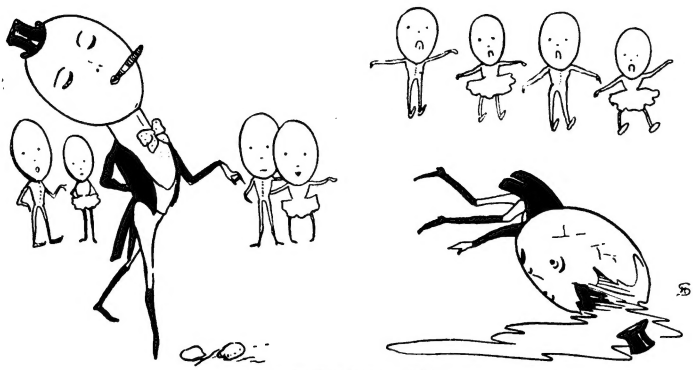

"Pride goeth before a fall."

HE RETURNED THE COMPLIMENT.

A young man and a young woman are leaning over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loath to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I'll never forget you," he says, "and, if death should claim me, my last thought will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."

They parted. Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a dance. She has changed greatly. Between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really, I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."

* * *

HER LIGHT.

MRS. JONES: "My husband is the light of my life."

MRS. SMITH: "So is mine. One of the kind that smokes and goes out at night."

* *

FEMININE CONSISTENCY.

MABEL: "Why do you always buy two kinds of note-paper?"

MAUD: "Well, you see, when I write to Tom I use red paper—that means love; and when I write to Jack I use blue paper—which means faithful and true."

BY THE AID OF SCIENCE.

"Ah!" said the fair palmist at the bazaar to the sweet young thing who presented her hand to be read for the benefit of the poor, benighted heathen, "I see by your hand that you are engaged to be married."

"Oh, how wonderful!" giggled the sweet young thing.

"And," continued the palmist, her voice taking on a cutting tone, "I also see that you're engaged to marry Mr. Poppoff-ten."

"Oh, how in the world could you discover that?"

"By my science."

"But surely the lines in my hand do not——"

"Who said anything about the lines in your hand? You are wearing the engagement-ring I returned to him last week."

* * *

A WAY OF ESCAPE.

"What, with all your debts you have bought a motor-car?"

"That's precisely why I bought it. I had to have some way of escaping my creditors."

* * *

HARDLY WHAT HE WANTED.

HOSTESS: "Are you a musician, Mr. Jones?"

JONES (who is dying to give an exhibition of his powers): "Well—er—yes, I think I can lay claim to some knowledge of music."

HOSTESS: "I am delighted to know it. My daughter is about to play, and I should be very glad if you would kindly turn over her music for her."

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THE TWELVE LITTLE COCKROACHES.

I.

Twelve little cockroaches sleeping in the grate,
A cat came and ate four, and then there were eight.

II.

Eight little cockroaches running round the room,
Four fell in a beetle-trap, and met an awful doom.

III.

Four little cockroaches feeling very sad,
Three of them got frightened, and suddenly went mad.

IV.

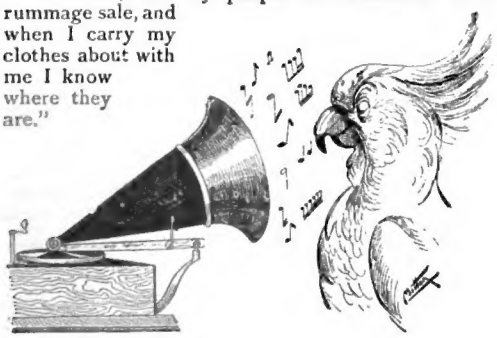
The last little cockroach had nothing else to do,
So he wrote this tragic history for me to tell to you.

* * * * *

HAD HIS REASONS.

"You hardly want your overcoat on a day like this, Hopkins."

"I know; but my people are interested in a rummage sale, and when I carry my clothes about with me I know where they are."



"You're not much of a parrot to look at, but I'm blessed if you don't beat me for talking!"

* * * * *

STILL A CHANCE.

LITTLE ARTHUR: "Grandpa, why do you look so sad?"

"GRANDPA: "I was just thinking. Here I am, sixty years of age, and I have never done anything that will be likely to make posterity remember me."

LITTLE ARTHUR: "Oh, well, don't worry. P'raps you'll still have a chance to live in history as somebody's grandfather."

* *

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

A little girl of four was riding past a cemetery with her mother. Looking up, she said:

"Mamma, how long is it after they bury a person before the gravestones come up?"

PLENTY OF IT.

"There's poetry in everything," observed the poet.

"You're right," replied the editor. "For instance, there's a basket full of it over in the corner."

* *

MADE SURE OF IT.

MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND: "Do you notice any difference in the milk, dear?"

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND: "I should say so. This is a much better quality than we have been getting lately."

MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND: "Indeed it is. I got it off a new man who said he would guarantee it to be perfectly pure; so I bought enough to last for a couple of weeks."

A PERSONAL ALLUSION.
Old Twenty-ston, who's stoutly made,
Was seen to pause on the Parade.
With difficulty, be it said,
He tilted back his massive head.
Seaward he cast a searching eye
Then gazed into the Summer sky.
"Someone just now," he murmured soon
"Remarked distinctly, 'A balloon!'
Of course, there may be one about,
But where it is I can't make out!'"

* * * * *

ZOOLOGY ON 'CHANGE.

To see wild creatures in their lairs
New lands you need not range,
For there are many "bulls" and "bears"
In the London Stock Exchange.

But, from experience, I can state
These aren't the only classes;
For lots of those who speculate
Are simply gulls and asses!

Charles Vivian.

* * * * *

THE PROPHECY CAME TRUE.

JINGLE: "I knew that fellow Storms, the comedian, would come to the front."

WELLER: "And he has, has he not?"

JINGLE: "Yes. You remember he used to play the part of the hind legs of the elephant in the pantomime?"

WELLER: "Yes."

JINGLE: "Well, now he is playing the front legs."

* *

COSTLY EXPLANATION.

CLIENT: "This bill of yours is exorbitant. There are several items in it that I don't understand."

LAWYER: "I am perfectly willing to explain it, but the explanation will cost you thirteen shillings and fourpence."

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

WHICH THREE ITEMS DO YOU LIKE BEST?

In my February number I asked you to let me know what you considered the three items you cared least about, and offered one guinea to each of the five readers who gave me what I considered the most helpful answers. As you may imagine, I was inundated with replies from every corner of Great Britain, and although it was heavy labour to go through them all and carefully to consider their merits, I count both the time and the trouble well spent. The criticisms were most instructive. Here are the five prize-winners, to each of whom I have much pleasure in forwarding one guinea:

Mr. D. Jones, 30 Lambert's Cottages, Talbot Street, Nottingham; Madame Bourre, 9 Quai des 2 Emmanuel, Nice, France; Mr. R. J. Norris, 83 Trinity Road, Wimbledon; Mr. I. T. C. Brown, Christowe, Cheltenham; Mr. W. E. Long, 14 Gowlett Road, East Dulwich, S.E.

BAD CRITICS.

I notice that one or two of my readers criticise the article on ladies' veils, which appeared in the number in question, and give as a reason that it was a subject of no interest to them.

Now, if these correspondents will pardon my saying so, this is not a useful criticism. Of course, one does not expect an article on veils to interest men to the same extent as women. It was not primarily meant for men at all, although I make bold to say that those who have been rash enough to take upon themselves the responsibilities of matrimony, and incidentally of milliners' bills, gleaned much useful information from the article. The useful critic should have discerned that, even if the article didn't interest him, it would be devoured with avidity by a large number of other readers.

Which reminds me that one lady objected to it, because "*it tempts me to break the Tenth Commandment!*"

REAL LIFE ROMANCES.

A candid friend—we are all blessed or otherwise with them!—took upon himself lately to criticise adversely our monthly feature, "Real Life Romances." Now, to follow his lead and be quite candid, I don't agree with him at all. And what's more, I don't believe you do either. Anyhow, I should like to be quite certain on that point, and want you to let me know exactly how you feel about them. I want you, in fact, all to be my "candid friends" in this little matter. To me personally, the "Romances" are a pleasure to collect, and I always think that in those five or six pages are compressed as much, if not more, interesting reading than in any other five or six pages of the magazine. However, you shall be the Final Court of Appeal. Let me know what you think of the "Real Life Romances": whether, in your opinion, they should be continued, altered, or dropped, and the reason for your decision.

To each of the two writers of what I consider the most helpful replies, I shall be pleased to forward one guinea.

All answers must arrive at this office before the 20th of June, and must be addressed to the "Romance Editor, The Royal, 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C."

NOVEL SANDWICH MEN.

I received yesterday a very interesting letter from a lady—Miss Bergmann, of Johannesburg. She says, among other things: "The Kaffirs out here on the mines only wear a large piece of different coloured stuff around their loins, and have their backs bare. When they get hold of The Royal cover—all the miners take in The Royal, and when they have finished with it, pass it on to the niggers—some tear out the pictures and decorate the walls of their huts with them, others stick the coloured covers on their bare backs. You would laugh if you saw them!" I wish I could get a few enthusiastic readers in England to advertise The Royal in a like manner. Will none of you volunteer?

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